

The Middlesex County Journal.

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Vol XXII.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1873.

No. 29

J. T. Freeman,

130 Main St., Woburn, Mass.,

SOLE AGENT FOR WOBURN, STONEHAM, WINCHESTER, and vicinity,

FOR THE

SINGER IMPROVED

SEWING MACHINE.

The Singer Mfg Co. sold 181,260

Machines during 1871.

The Singer Sewing Machine

TOOK THE

First Premium

At the New England Fair, held at Lowell,

Mass., September, 1872.

Any other Sewing Machine furnished at the

Lowest Market prices, if requested.

Machines Sold on INSTALLMENTS!

SEWING MACHINE FINDINGS.

Also, Agent in Woburn, for the Sale of

E. BUTTERICK & Co's

PATTERNS OF GARMENTS,

And their celebrated Shears and Scissors.

READ THIS!

MR. F. H. B. has been recognized agent for Woburn, Stoneham, and adjoining towns. Persons

possessing the Singer Sewing Machine, and who

would like to have their machines repaired, or

to have them overhauled, will find it to their

advantage to call on Mr. F. H. B. at his

office, 69 HANOVER ST., BOSTON.

The Singer Manufacturing Company,

69 HANOVER ST., BOSTON.

DR. C. T. LANC'S

Dental Rooms,

135 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

Opposite First Congregational Church.

POULTRY AND EGGS.

B. F. COLEGATE,

Prepared to supply Eggs for Setting, of all the

common and fancy breeds of Hens.

Also, for sale, Traps of Buff and Partridge Cocking.

Dark and Light Bantams, Doves, Pigeons, Rock,

and other fowls, at reasonable prices.

HENRY AT CUMMINGSVILLE

Woburn Mass.

W. H. FOSTER,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

FURNITURE,

OF ALL KINDS,

No. 241 Main St., Woburn

Upholstering and Repairing in all its Branches.

Promptly Attended to.

JOHN A. BOUTELLE,

GENEALOGIST

BANK BLOCK,

173 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Genealogies traced and compiled, Family Records

researched, Diplomas issued, Marriage Licenses

granted, and all other business pertaining to

Genealogy, promptly and accurately attended to.

An Evening School will be opened THURSDAY

Evening, Nov. 12, at 7 o'clock, P. M., and continue on

Monday and Thursday evenings, for instruction in

Bookkeeping and Penmanship. Terms, for 12 lessons,

in advance, \$2 for Commencement, \$2 for Bookkeeping.

JOHN C. BUCK,

TEACHER OF

PIANO-FORTE & REED ORGAN

Vestry of First Cong'l. Church,

WOBURN.

Refers to the following testimonials:

"I take pleasure in recommending Mr. John C. Buck, organist of the First Congregational Church, to my many former pupils, as a teacher well qualified to give instruction upon the Piano-Forte and Reed Organ."

WILLIAM H. CLARKE.

CENTRAL HOUSE

Livery, Hack and Boarding

STABLE

212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

G. F. JONES, 11 Proprietor

STRAW MATTINGS.

Large line of Straw Mattings, just received, and

RAILROAD MARKET.

E. O. Soles,

Would thank all those who assisted in removing his

stock on the evening of March 20th, and announce

that he is re-established on

RAILROAD, Cor. MAIN STS.

ON WHAT IS KNOWN AS

ROUNDY'S CORNER.

WHERE HE OFFERS

Meat & Provisions

OF ALL KINDS AT REASONABLE PRICES.

QUINCY MUTUAL

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

Cash Fund, Dec. 1, 1871, about \$500,000

AND ALL LOSSES PAID.

Deciding Houses,

Household Furniture,

Formers' Bureaus and contents,

Churches, Stores and contents

And the entire class of Risks, insured on very favorable

terms.

All Losses Promptly adjusted and paid

S. F. Thompson Agt. for Woburn.

This Company has been in operation 20 years,

and paid over \$600,000 in losses, and over \$300,000

in dividends to Policy holders. 50 per cent. dividends

now paid on all 5 years risks.

CHAS. A. WILSON, Secretary.

W. A. COLEGATE,

FLORIST,

Greenhouse at Cummingsville.

WOBURN, MASS.

Plants, Shrubs, Trees, Potted

Plants, Wreaths, Bouquets,

and Baskets of Cut

Flowers.

Supplied at Short Notice.

Chas. A. Smith,

DRY GOODS,

177 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

If you want your Druggs PURE and

GENUINE, and your Roots

and Herbs Fresh and of

full strength,

PATRONIZE

FOSDICK & BUSS,

APOTHECARIES,

170 Main Street,

WOBURN.

A fine assortment of Fancy Goods always on hand

Woburn Circulating Library.

New books added as soon as published.

GEORGE F. FOSDICK, CHAS. H. BUSS.

Geo. S. Dodge,

APOTHECARY,

No. 189 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

"DETERMINED TO MEET EVERY PUBLIC

REQUIREMENT."

"The invalid needs the best of

everything."

In addition to the most complete Medical department

we furnish Toilet Articles, FANCY GOODS

and STATIONERY, at very low prices.

FRED. GAGE,

House Painter, Grainer,

AND GLAZIER.

ALL KINDS OF COLORED MIXED PAINTS,

PUTTY AND GLASS, AND ALL KINDS OF

PAINTS, at reasonable prices.

Blinds furnished, Painted and Hung to order.

Shop Rear of M. E. Church, Walnut

STREET, WOBURN CENTRE.

The Place to Purchase

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,

Of nearly all classes: as

Cornets, Altos, Baritone, Basses,

Contrabasses, Orchestral

Poetry.

AT THE WINDOW.

I heard the woodpecker pecking,

The bluebird tenderly sing;

I turned and looked out of the window,

And lo! it was Spring.

A breath from tropical borders,

Just a ripple flowed into my room,

And washed my face with its softness,

Blew my hair into bloom.

The leaves I have kept for a lifetime,

Sweet buds I have shielded from snow,

Break forth into full leaf and tassel,

When Spring winds do blow.

For the sap of my life goes upward,

Obliving the heart's sweetest love,

That waters the heart of the maple

After a thaw.

I forget my old age and grow youthful

Bathing in winds till of spring,

When I hear the woodpecker pecking,

The first bluebird sing.

Selected.

The Pawnbroker's Auction

It was a morning in May, one of those

soft, delicious mornings which do so

often vary the harsh, east-wind

monotony of our Boston spring. The sun

shone goldenly from a heaven of deepest

blue, sending the benediction of his warm

beams into many a dark attic and no-

seem alley, where the chill of winter

seemed yet to linger. Out over the har-

bar rested an amethyst haze, and the

quiet waves below seemed to slumber

untroubled by even a dream of ice or

storm. The young grass upon the com-

mon had taken on a tender verdure,

and the graceful elms above were shak-

ing out their pale green tresses. John

Fanshaw, sauntering slowly along the

Fremont street mail, enjoyed keenly the

beauty and the cheerful life around him.

"Dear old Puritan city," he said to him-

self, "with what a kindly smile she

greets me home again after all these

years. Let them sneer who will at her

prim ways and her austere code, there is

no city of the earth so dear and pleas-

ant."

Fanshaw had been ten years a wander-

er from his native land, years spent

mainly in a hand to hand conflict with

fortune. He had left home a penniless

clerk, with only energy and courage for

his capital, and he came back with more

wealth than he could carry off with him.

Well, well, what a life to lead! Doubt-

less he felt the full force of the contrast

in respect to worldly advantages between

his condition then, and now; but certainly

it was with little self-gratulation that he

recalled that time. Then at least, he had

a wealth of hope and trust, which all his

present possessions were insufficient to

buy back. Love, too, then, glided for

him the horizon of the future. Louise

Durant, the beautiful, only daughter of a

wealthy merchant, had plighted her faith

to him and promised to wait for him while

he won the fortune her father demanded

for her. He had gone away believing in

her love, burning to prove himself worthy

of her, strong to encounter any difficulty

so its own quest should lead him the soon-

er to her. But the wreck of his bright

dreams had come all too soon. For a

Poetry.

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The bluebird tenderly sing;

I turned and looked out of the window,

And lo! it was Spring.

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Just a ripple flowed into my room,

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Blew my hair into bloom.

The leaves I have kept for a lifetime,

Sweet buds I have shielded from snow,

Break forth into full leaf and tassel,

When Spring winds do blow.

For the sap of my life goes upward,

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FOR FAMILY USE.

THE HALFORD

LEICESTERSHIRE

Table Sauce,

THE BEST SAUCE & RELISH

Made in any part of the World.

FOR FAMILY USE.

Pints, 50 Cents.
Half Pints, 30 Cents.

For Sale by all Grocers.

For some of the BEST KINDS of COOKING and PARLOR STOVES, or repair pieces, stove pipes and Hollow Ware, at LOW PRICES, at No. 219 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, L. THOMPSON, Jr.

Mortgagee's Sale.

To SAMUEL SMITH, OWNER OF THE EQUITY of redemption, William Somers & Co., and Bartlett and Elliot, attaching creditors, or whom it may concern.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, given by Samuel Smith to Stevens G. Palmer, dated June 1st, A.D. 1872, and recorded in Middlesex South District Book, Lib. 1229, fol. 345, will be sold at public auction on the premises described below, on Monday, the twenty-first day of April, 1873, at 3 o'clock, P.M., for breach of the conditions thereof contained, all that singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely: all that lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, bounded and described as follows, beginning at the northwesterly corner of a stone post on the easterly side of Church street, and the northwesterly line of land of D. S. Skilling, thence running southeasterly by land of said Skilling one hundred and ten feet, thence northwesterly by land of said Palmer fifty-five feet to a stake; thence northwesterly by land of said Palmer one hundred and fourteen feet to a stake on said Church street, thence southeasterly by said Church street fifty-six feet to the point of beginning, containing six thousand five hundred and seventy-two square feet, more or less, and being lot numbered six, and strips of land numbered five and seven, in the map of William H. Wilson, dated September 15, 1871.

STEVENS G. PALMER, Mortgagee.

March 17, 1873. WILLIAM WINN, Auctioneer.

Situation Wanted.

A lady desires a situation as housekeeper. Inquire at this office.

FOR SALE IN WOBURN.

A gentle residence in Highland, near Prospect street. The house is located upon a corner lot, containing about 14,000 feet of land, within convenient distance of churches, schools, and railroad stations. For terms apply on the premises.

DR. FLINT'S QUAKER BITTERS

A GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY & REMEDY.



Extracts of Roots and Herbs which almost invariably cure the following ailments:

Stomachic, Heart Burn, Liver Complaint, and Loss of Appetite cured by taking a few bottles.

Laxative, Low Spirits, and Sinking Sensation cured at once.

Eruptions, Pimples, Blisters, and all impurities of the blood, passing through the skin, or otherwise, cured readily by following the directions on the bottle.

For Kidney, Bladder and Urinary derangements it has no equal; one bottle will convince the most sceptical.

Worm, expelled from the system without the least difficulty; a few bottles are sufficient for the most obstinate case.

Piles, one bottle has cured the most difficult case when all other remedies failed.

Nervous Debilities, Neuralgia, Headache, &c., eased immediately.

Rheumatism, Swelled Joints, and all Scrofula Affections removed or greatly relieved by this valuable medicine.

Bronchitis, Catarrh, Convulsions, and Hysterics cured or much relieved.

Difficult Breathing, Pain in the Lungs, Side and Chest, cured by using a few bottles of the Quaker Bitters.

Female Difficulties, so prevalent among American ladies, and usually due to the injudicious use of the Quaker Bitters.

Malaria, Remittent, Intermittent, Fevers, &c., prevalent in many parts of our country, completely eradicated by the use of the Quaker Bitters.

The Aged find in the Quaker Bitters just the article they stand in need of in their declining years. It quickens the blood, and cheers the mind, and paves the passage down the plane inclined.

No One can remain long unwell (unless afflicted with an incurable disease), after taking a few bottles of the Quaker Bitters.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

PREPARED BY
Dr. H. S. Flint & Co.
At their Great Medical Depot 155 & 157 Broad Street, Providence, R. I.

For Sale by G. S. Dodge, Woburn; D. Dodge, Arlington; L. G. Balcom, Lexington.

OUT OF TOWN BUYERS OF SPRING WEARING APPAREL.

ARE INVITED TO VISIT THE NEW "GLOBE" CLOTHING HOUSE.

This new establishment, favorably located at Nos. 1, 2 and 3 DOCK SQUARE, just at the foot of Brattle street, has been filled the present season with a fine assortment of Gentlemen's Youthful and Boys' Clothing, from leading fashionable houses in New York and Philadelphia, and we cannot offer other prime low-priced garments, of all grades, sizes and styles at present in market.

Our lines of Dress Goods, Spring Overcoats, Cheviot, Melton, Tweed, Plaid, Fringed, Striped, Tricot, and other MATCH-UP SUITS, for all ages, are very extensive, and we will sell our goods as low as the lowest cost.

We make a SPECIALTY of fine White and French Flannel Shirts. And in our visits Furnishing Department will be found an elegant display of first-class

TRY "THE GLOBE!"

Nos. 1, 2 and 3 Dock Square, Boston.

G. F. SMITH & Co.,

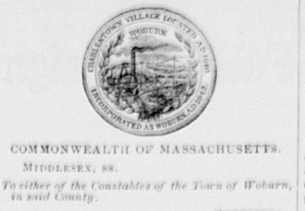
Watchmakers & Jewelers,

Watches and Jewelry.

No. 187 MAIN STREET,

WOBURN, MASS.

TOWN WARRANT.



COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Middlesex, ss.

To the Honorable the Justices of the Peace, in and for said County.

GREETING:

In the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, ss. you are hereby required to, notify and warn the inhabitants of the town of Woburn, qualified to vote in Town affairs, to meet at Town Hall, in said Woburn, on Monday, the seventh day of April next, at ten o'clock, A.M., to act on the following articles, viz:

ARTICLE 1. To choose a Moderator to preside at said meeting.

ARTICLE 2. To choose all necessary Officers to serve the Town for the ensuing year, to-wit: Water Commissioner, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of the late Water Commissioner, to-wit: William H. Wilson.

ARTICLE 3. To see if the Town will appoint a Trustee for the year ending March 1, 1873.

ARTICLE 4. To see if the Town will direct the School Committee to appoint a Superintendent of the Public Schools.

ARTICLE 5. To hear and act on Reports of Auditors of Accounts, of the Selectmen, the Superintendent of the Public Buildings, the Water Commissioner, and the Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, for the year ending March 1, 1873.

ARTICLE 6. To see what disposition the Town will make of the money to be received from the County for dog licenses.

ARTICLE 7. To see if the Town will instruct their Selectmen to enforce the laws of the Commonwealth against the illegal sale of intoxicating liquors.

ARTICLE 8. To see if the Town will authorize their Selectmen to purchase land for a right of way to their land on Powderhouse Hill, and set the right of way on leading to said land from Main street, or do anything in relation thereto.

ARTICLE 9. To see if the Town will authorize their Selectmen to purchase one or more Gravel Lots for material for repairs on highways.

ARTICLE 10. To hear and act on the report of the Committee chosen at the last annual meeting, on building a new Town Hall on East Street.

ARTICLE 11. To see if the Town will instruct their Selectmen to accept the offer of the Boston & Lowell Railroad Company to lease the right of way to their land on Main street, or do anything in relation thereto.

ARTICLE 12. To see if the Town will accept Chapter 44 of the Acts of the Legislature of 1872, which provides for the Election of Road Commissioners.

ARTICLE 13. To see if the Town will authorize their Selectmen to accept the offer of the Boston & Lowell Railroad Company to lease the right of way to their land on Main street, or do anything in relation thereto.

ARTICLE 14. To hear and act on the report of the Street Commissioners on the condition of the streets in the Town.

ARTICLE 15. To hear and act on the report of the Selectmen on the condition of the Town's finances.

ARTICLE 16. To see if the Town will authorize their Selectmen to accept the offer of the Boston & Lowell Railroad Company to lease the right of way to their land on Main street, or do anything in relation thereto.

ARTICLE 17. To see if the Town will vote to erect public Stations at North Woburn, East Woburn, and Commersville, or do anything in relation to the same.

ARTICLE 18. To see if the Town will instruct their Board of Selectmen to cause all warrants for future town meetings to be inserted in such newspaper in town, published not less than once a week, or do anything in relation to the same.

ARTICLE 19. To see if the Town will instruct their Board of Selectmen to admit the representatives of the local press to their regular business meetings, or do anything in relation to the same.

ARTICLE 20. To see if the Town will instruct their Board of Selectmen to divide the town printing equally between the different parties in town, or do anything relating to the same.

ARTICLE 21. To determine what amount of money the Town will raise for the support of the Poor.

ARTICLE 22. To see if the Town will authorize their Treasurer to pay the Town Debt.

ARTICLE 23. To see if the Town will authorize their Treasurer to pay the Town Debt.

ARTICLE 24. To see if the Town will authorize their Treasurer to pay the Town Debt.

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CHAS. HOWARD,
GRAVEL ROOFER.

Orders left with G. W. HOWARD, at G. F. JONES' Stable, Woburn, also, orders addressed to No. 139 Main Street, Charlestown, will receive prompt attention.

All work warranted satisfactory.

Hill & Babbidge,
240 MAIN STREET,

Keep constantly on hand a full and well selected stock of
STOVES, TIN WARE, and
Kitchen Furnishing Goods.

Also, a full line of REPAIR PIECES to all the leading cook stoves.

240 MAIN STREET, Woburn.

W. H. MATTHEWS,

Successor to J. G. Cole & Co.,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING,

Glazing, Graining & Paper Hanging,
Church Avenue, WOBURN.

BUGGY and EXPRESS WAGON

FOR SALE.

A Light Spring Buggy, nearly new, has been run but a few times. Also, a light Express Wagon. Apply to JOHN G. COLE, corner of Green and Prospect Streets, Woburn, Mass.

TOWN WARRANT.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
MIDDLESEX SS.

To the Justices of the Peace of the Town of Woburn, in said County.

GREETING.

In the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, you are hereby notified that the following articles, viz:

ARTICLE 1. To choose a Moderator to preside at said meeting.

ARTICLE 2. To choose all necessary officers in the town the ensuing year, including a Town Clerk, and three assessors, three Road Commissioners, one Overseer for the term of three years, one to serve for the term of two years and one to serve for the term of one year.

ARTICLE 3. To see if the Town will authorize their Collector to use all moneys collected, in the town, for the purpose of raising the same.

ARTICLE 4. To see if the Town will vote to purchase a lot of land for the building of a new House, or to do anything in relation to the same.

ARTICLE 5. To see if the Town will vote to raise and appropriate for moneys in the Common during the summer months, or to do anything in relation to the same.

ARTICLE 6. To see if the Town will reconsider their vote regarding the Town House, or to do anything in relation to the same.

ARTICLE 7. To see if the Town will instruct the Board of Selectmen and other Heads of Departments, to make a division of the Town, and to divide the same into wards, or to do anything in relation to the same.

ARTICLE 8. To see if the Town will further amend the code of By-Laws by adding an article providing for the appointment of Inspectors of Elections.

ARTICLE 9. To see if the Town will vote to build a new Town House, or to do anything in relation to the same.

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NEW STORE, NEW GOODS,
And New Attractions.**WHELOCK & SON,**

(Formerly W. H. Wheelock.)

Have added to the business of Ready Made Clothing and Furnishing Goods, the largest and finest selected stock of

FINE WOOLENS

ever shown in Woburn, and are now prepared at their new store,

No. 185 Lyceum Hall Building,

to furnish perfect fitting garments to order, and at prices as low as the lowest. Having secured the services of Mr. J. F. McAVOY, formerly with Geo. Lyon & Co., of Boston, as cutter, we will guarantee perfect fitting garments to all those favoring us with their patronage.

Call and Examine Goods and Prices

AT

WHELOCK & SON'S

(FORMERLY W. H. WHELOCK'S.)

No. 185 MAIN STREET, - WOBURN,

Lyceum Hall Building.

May now be found one of the largest and best selected stocks of READY-MADE CLOTHING for MEN'S, YOUTH'S and BOY'S wear, ever shown in Woburn.

We have also a full and complete line of

HATS, CAPS, and GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS.

selected for the Spring and Summer wear; all of which we are

pleased to show those favoring us with their patronage.

Parties in want of a nice TRUNK or VALISE, can here find a

new and desirable selection. Also, other goods usually found

in a first-class

Gent's Clothing and Furnishing Store.

The ONE-PRICE SYSTEM will be STRICTLY ADHERED TO.

WHELOCK & SON, - - - Clothiers.

And NOW comes

the Season for

HOUSE PAPER.

Hundreds of Hundreds of

PATTERNS.

NEW,

NEAT and

Pretty Styles.

BROWN, BUFF,

White Blanks,

AND SATIN PAPERS,

10 cents to 30 cents per Roll.

Gilt House Paper,

40c to 85c per Roll.

AT

HORTON'S

BOOKSTORE,

165 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

That is THE place to buy

the Best Stock of PAPER

HANGINGS at the lowest Prices.

G. F. HARTHORN,

Surveyor & Civil Engineer.

Survey, Plans, and Divisions of Estate accurately made. Grading, Levelling, and Public and Private Grounds permanently laid out.

Also, attention given to Conveyancing.

Office, 159 Main Street, over A. Buck-

man's Shoe Store. Office hours 7 to 12 P. M., except

Wednesdays and Fridays.

WEDNESDAYS AND FRIDAYS.

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American
SMALL-POX PREVENTIVE.
PRICE \$1.00.

Vaccination from pure animal virus, price \$1.00.

DR. G. H. HUTCHINGS

270 Main St., Woburn.

FOR SALE.

The Cottage house at present occupied by the

subscriber, situated on Mr. Pleasant Street, near

Powell street, containing seven rooms, cemented

cellar, hard and soft water, gas and furnace.

Apply on the premises, or at 29 Elm Street, Bos-

ton.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the Heirs at-Laws, next of Kin, and all other

persons interested in the estate of Mrs. Fagg,

deceased, in said County, married woman,

deceased.

GREETING.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to

be the last will and testament of said deceased

has been presented to said Court, for Probate,

and it is the duty of said Court, to give notice

to all persons claiming an interest in the

estate of said deceased, to appear at said Court,

on the fourth Tuesday of the month of April,

next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show

cause, if any, why said instrument should not

be admitted to probate, and to be sworn to as

the last will and testament of said deceased.

And said petitioner prays that said instrument

be admitted to probate, and that said petitioner

be appointed executor of said estate, and that

he be sworn to as such executor, and that he be

authorized to execute and administer said

estate, and that he be allowed his costs and

expenses, and that he be appointed executor of

said estate, and that he be sworn to as such

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MILITARY HISTORY OF WOBURN.

WOBURN NATIONAL RANGERS
CHAPTER XIX

Fall Campaign to Mine Run

We left our bivouac at Bristol Station early in the morning of Wednesday, and it was soon evident by our style of march that the enemy was expected ahead, it having been reported that a portion of the rebel forces were at Manassas the previous night. How strong they might be, was not known, but in any event, they must be overcome, in order to reach the heights of Centerville, the ultimate destination of both armies. As upon whom the possession should fall, and the heavy clouds of dust on our left carried off by the high wind, showed that Lee still continued on the Warrenton pike, in hopes to cut us off. Skirmishes were thrown out in front and on both flanks, and frequent halts were made by the column, while the former examined the position in front, so that we should not be taken by surprise.

Thus we continued for hours to slowly go forward, alternately halting and advancing, our fatigue caused by this style of march augmented by the close, muggy atmosphere, a marked change from the steady cold weather we were used to. We had been favored thus far, being lost sight of in the excitement of the hour, and expecting every moment to hear the sharp crack of musketry ahead, as the two opposing skirmish lines met. But no enemy was encountered, and passing by Manassas, with its dismantled fortifications, and dreary scene of waste and desolation, we settled down to the work before us.

The land was now apparently clear, as the column was pushed along steadily, but swiftly, and with the exception of a halt after fording Broad Run, we did not stop our hurried march until we ascended the heights of Centerville, every one feeling relieved when we found ourselves fairly entrenched behind its impregnable fortifications; but as it proved, only a few hours ahead of Lee, though he had a day's start of us.

In the rear, now our front, could be seen troops pouring in by every avenue, but at once took up their allotted positions along the heights. To add to the excitement of the scene, the roar of cannon, the bursting of shells, and the sharp crack of musketry, could be heard, while the smoke of battle rolled towards us. The battle of Bristol Station was then in progress, where Lee's Division of Ewell's corps struck as he supposed the advance, but which proved to be the rear of our army. It is needless to say he was completely used up by the Second Corps, under command of Gen. Warren, our future "Corporal," losing five guns, two battle flags, and over five hundred prisoners, and which indicated the wisdom which made him a Major-General, gaining the victory unaided, and proving to be the most brilliant and best planned engagement of the war.

But we soon became too busy with our own affairs to pay much attention to what was going on around us, knowing that what others were to do would be done. Having been ordered into some old winter quarters, with all the lots still standing, we made short work of them, to make our own tents comfortable, and the position still showed an air of together different appearance. Our efforts were hastened by the threatening storm which had hung over us all day, as well as that we might be safely and comfortably housed before it came, and as it was, no small difficulty was experienced in pitching our shelters, as the wind swept with great fury over our exposed position, one which we certainly should not crave in winter.

After a few hours of steady and fatiguing labor, we completed our arrangements for a comfortable camp, with tents, blankets, bunks built, and the thousand and one articles procured which go to make up the soldier's comfort, ample material being found in the deserted quarters. Just as we had begun to enjoy the results of our handiwork, and we ought to have known better than to expect to enjoy them long. "Pack up," was mercifully sounded in our ears, and all our fine arrangements were nipped.

Heavy firing still continued in our front, and the heavy gale of wind brought the sounds of battle to our ears with startling distinctness. We now came to the conclusion that a general engagement had at last arrived, and that we were in for it. Our Division was quickly under way, and the greatest excitement ensued. As we passed hurriedly through the one street of the village of Centerville, so unexpectedly the scene of operations was spread before us. All along the heights, line after line of artillery was in position, the cannoneers at their respective stations, ready to deal destruction to what was supposed the advancing foe, while along the slope could be seen the dark masses of men in line of battle, or massed in squares ready for orders.

Over the whole scene as far as the eye could reach, hung heavy clouds of smoke which, with the dark, threatening rain clouds overhead, made it prematurely dark, and the general excitement became more and more intense as the preparations for the engagement went on. The troops still came pouring in, each taking their allotted positions, with no jostling or interference with each other; the promptness and comparative silence in which the different movements were executed, as if parts of one immense machine, proving conclusively the high degree of perfection to which the Army of the Potomac had arrived, each detachment knowing its place and occupying it.

Our pace became quicker, as, leaving the town in our rear, we struck off to the front, on the Warrenton road, towards Bull Run, and as we hurried along, we based on ourselves with all sorts of conjectures as to our ultimate destination. As we continued along the pike about five miles, it became plain that we were thrown out on picket, as shown by the disposition of the troops in advance. I now became intensely dark, and as we moved down over the road, we passed by a continual line of men, hardly perceptible, however, and we looked forward to the end of our journey. Suddenly we filed off the pike and struck into an open field until we reached the banks of a

small stream, supposed at that time to be Bull Run. The extreme care with which pickets were stationed, the strict orders given to the men, and the low tone of voice in which all commands were passed along the line, betokened danger. No fires were allowed, and loud conversation was prohibited, but when in the deep silence of the night, more or less talk was indulged in to keep awake, the tramping of our worthy captain to prevent it, was amusing in the extreme, and he was kept on the qui vive all night, as the conversation was only dropped while he was present, and he would therefore be compelled to be along the line all night, and felt relieved, doubtless, when daylight appeared. If daylight ended his troubles, it also placed his arduous services in a ludicrous light, for upon examining the locality of our night's duties, we found that we had most zealously and faithfully picketed a little stream in which there was not water enough to make our coffee, the stream of Bull Run being some distance in advance, and also the fact that there was a line of pickets in advance of us.

(To be continued)

VICTIMIZING A LANDLORD.

Charles Townley was a student of divinity at a college not a hundred miles distant from the saintly city of Chicago. Having a holiday at his disposal, he persuaded his two friends, Paul Granville and Nick Niederman—the former an artist with any quantity of uncolored pictures on hand, and the latter a traveling operator, who rejoiced in a hump on his back, and an enormous capacity for drinking California wine—to spend a day with him in the country and enjoy the beauties of nature. Full of hilarity, the trio set out. The greater part of the day was spent by the artist in sketching, and by Charles and Nick in smoking, telling stories, and taking observations through a small telescope, of the vessels that passed by on the lake.

After a while, however, nature, whom they had come to admire, began to admonish them that, however well enough to admire outwardly, she must be attended to inwardly also.

"I tell you what it is, boys," exclaimed Granville, shutting up his portfolio, with a bang. "I don't know how you feel, but I am getting what you might call a confounded grub-grub."

"I know where an inn, not a quarter of a mile from here," said Niederman, on account of his deformity, was called Humpty Dumpty. "And the landlord has got some of the finest brands of California wines I ever tasted." And he smoked his pipe with a sound that resembled the drawing of the cork from a champagne bottle.

"But who is going to pay the shot?" asked Charles, with an air of candor. "Business is business, you know; and I haven't got so much as a sou about me."

"I have lots of money if that old fellow hadn't backed out of buying that last picture of mine, representing the multitude in the white necks," said Niederman, who was generally outwitted by Paul, scratching his head and laying his hand on his stomach, which emitted a hollow sound.

"If I had known that you were such poverty-stricken bums, I would have seen you in Halifax first before I'd have come out with you," exclaimed Humpty Dumpty, wrathfully. "I naturally thought that, as you had invited me, you would incur all the expenses, and so neglected taking any in with me." And he put his telescope into his pocket with a savage jerk.

Our three friends looked blankly at one another; for, on a general inspection, it turned out that all the tin they had about them consisted of the buttons they had on their small clothes.

"I am nothing but a poor artist," grumbled St. Paul, "and not expected to have any camps; but I expected differently from you." And he patted his broad basket with a rueful air.

"Now look here, boys," exclaimed Townley, "what is the use of quarrelling about what cannot be helped? It is true, I haven't got money, but I've got more of importance than filthy lucre. I've got genius! All you have to do is to follow my directions, and you will both have what you want."

Our three worthy friends started off, and walked briskly until they came to the village in which was situated the Blue Lion Inn, presided over by Hans Caspar, a worthy representative of the land of lager beer and sour kraut. Adjoining the Blue Lion Inn was an apothecary shop, with eight steps leading from the pavement to the door, which was also the case with the inn.

Stopping before the apothecary shop, Humpty pulled out his telescope and looked at it at the steps, while St. Paul opened his portfolio, and began to draw most industriously. Then, speaking a few words to Humpty, he drew his pencil across the page, and in a tone loud enough to be heard a half a block off he exclaimed:

"These must be removed!" And then the three placed their signatures beneath the drawing.

Now, mind the Blue Lion was reclining on a bench before his open window, like a spider on the watch for flies, on the lookout for any stray customers who might chance to come along, and he observed the movements of our three friends with the greatest curiosity.

"Mie Gott!" he ejaculated. "Coom here voice, Lena!" (To the girl behind the bar.) "Coom here voice, and see vat ten tellers is toing ter."

Our three worthies had now come before his own house, and they went through the same performances that they had gone through before the apothecary shop, he could hold in no longer, and suddenly exclaimed:

"I say, mine vrients, vat ter turyel is you toing here, anyway, ven you'll excuse a teller vor asking dese questions?"

"Are you the owner of No. 43?" questioned Townley, with an air of importance.

"Yes, I tui; but vat is de matter?" asked Hans now sitting upright.

"Well, we are agents of the Street Committee; and it is our duty to see that every street is well graded, and on a parallel with each other."

"Put, mine Gott! vat has I got to do mit de kraates and parrels? I buys mine house and my lager, and vat more to you say?"

"I perceive that you do not comprehend, my friend," replied Charles with an air of commiseration; it means that this street is not straight on account of your steps being in the way; so they will have to be removed."

"Mie steps put away! How der turyel vil de voiks kit up in mine house to kit der lager peer und schnaps den, I

wants to know!" returned the amazed landlord, the cold sweat starting upon his brow.

"That is none of our business, my friend. All we have to do is to see that the street is straight."

"Put, mine Gott! vat vill I do den?" groaned the landlord. "Dat vill bust mine business entirely. Ant how long before dey must be taken away?"

"The longest time we can allow you is eight days," replied Charles.

"The apothecary will have to be removed too," here put in St. Paul, "that is some consolation, anyway."

"Put, shentlemens, von't you gum in mine house a liddle viles? Ve can talk id ofer pater ven ve trunk somedinks idder," said the landlord, coming to the door with his cap in his hand.

"We would with pleasure, but we have no time," replied Charles. "Another time, maybe, but not now. Business is pressing."

"Put, shentlemens, I kot some of de pestest vine dat ufer vas, ven gum in I'll open a pottle do your helth," said the landlord, now coming down the steps and speaking in a tone of the greatest anxiety.

"What do you say, Mr. Granville? Have we time just to step up a minute? This landlord seems to be a pretty clever sort of a man."

"Well, a few minutes more or less will not signify, I think, but no longer under any consideration," replied that worthy with an air of condensation.

"Von pottle of de pest vine, Lena, and bring up dat new ham dat ve pollet dis morning along mit some bickies and ecks," commanded the landlord as he ushered his guests into the dining-room.

The wine was poured out, and mine host began to carve the juicy ham, while the water ran out of the hungry artist's mouth.

"I ain't very hungry," he remarked, "for we have just dined at the house of the Street Inspector, but just to oblige, I will make a little trial." And he helped himself to two large slices of ham, besides a half a dozen of eggs.

"I tell you what it is, boys," remarked Humpty Dumpty, after the first bottle had been disposed of, "this landlord seems to be a nice sort of a man, and I vote that we leave him one step; what do you say, boys?"

"Agreed!" responded both Charles and St. Paul, with their mouths full of ham; we will leave him one step; d—n the odds!"

"Another pottle of vine, Lena," cried the landlord, "and make dat you be quick."

"Will it hurt your business much, if we take your steps away?" asked Charles, after the first bottle had been disposed of.

"It will hurt so much, dat I von't sell you von tam drop of peer or vine any more!" replied the host of the Blue Lion looking rather blue himself.

"Well, then we ought to leave a couple of steps; what say you?"

"Lena, why don't you bring more vine, you lazy tyn? Des pe friends of mine, and I wants to treat tem as such."

With each bottle of wine, another step was allowed to remain, till there were only two to be taken away, when Townley, who was more than three sheets in the wind, asked, addressing the landlord:

"What is your name, my friend, if a fellow might ask?"

"Hans Caspar," replied that worthy, and he called for another bottle.

"Well, Mr. Hans Caspar," said Charles, getting up and embracing him, "all I have got to say is that you are a regular brick, and that I am proud to know you!"

"And I say that it's a confounded shame to take any of his steps away, and I for one, move that we leave them all where they are!" added Humpty Dumpty as he drained the bottle of the last glass.

"Pad de apodegery, vat you to mit him, eh?" inquired mine host anxiously, for there was a deadly hatred between them on account of the wine question, the apothecary averring that the stuff sold by Hans Caspar was nothing but rank poison.

"They must be removed in eight days," replied our three worthies, solemnly as they staggered to their feet preparatory to getting into the wagon preceded by the worthy host of the Blue Lion.

On the eighth day, Mr. Hans Caspar got up bright and early, and watched the steps of his unlucky neighbor with the most demagogue grin of malignity depicted upon his features, but as hours passed by without any signs of the steps being disturbed, he became disgusted, and doing his best, he went to see the Squire, to whom he related the story of his grievance.

The Squire amid roars of laughter told the indignant landlord that of all the sells he had ever heard of, this was the richest, and of all the jackasses in the world, he was about the greatest.

RUSHING INTO PRINT—Editors often come in contact with men who get furiously angry at a refusal to print their grievances, or think him very "slow" if he does not jump at the first opportunity to publish some alleged dreadful facts about a public man which he, the complainant, has just found out. Such men should be thankful that there is such an institution as the cool, experienced editor to stand between them and the public, or they would be apt to commit some unpleasant follies in a life time. Let a man who is terribly angry about his dinner not being ready on time, sit down and write out what he would like to say about it, and then put it away for the next day's reading. He would be convinced that the greatest fools on earth are those who "rush into print."—*News-paper Reporter.*

The following conversation between two clever lawyers was overheard:

"How does your client like it?"

"Overmuch; begins to complain of the expense."

"Mine is all right; bound to fight it out. Can we manage to get the jury to disagree again?"

"Don't know; we must work for it." "You'll get beat of course, in the end, but you'll appeal."

"Of course."

"Because a man has had a chequered career it does not necessarily follow that he has always acted 'on the square.'"

"If a miss is as good as a mile, how much better is a Mrs.?"

DR. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF CURES THE WORST PAINS IN NOT ONE HOUR

THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY WHICH CURES IN HALF A MINUTE. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF CURES THE WORST PAINS IN NOT ONE HOUR. IT CURES RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, SCALDS, BURNS, HEADACHES, COLIC, DIARRHOEA, DYSPEPSIA, AND ALL THE PAINS OF THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS. IT IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY WHICH CURES IN HALF A MINUTE.

DR. R. R. RADWAY'S PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS, CURE THE MOST OBSTINATE CONSTIPATION, AND ALL THE PAINS OF THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS. IT IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY WHICH CURES IN HALF A MINUTE.

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PHOTOGRAPHS! The subscriber has removed to the new building, CORNER MAIN AND RAILROAD STS., where with improved light and increased facilities, he is prepared to make pictures of all kinds at reasonable prices.

Photographs, Berlin Heads, Cartes de visite, Porcelains (plain or colored), &c., &c., &c. Made in the best manner, and warranted to give satisfaction.

FRANK H. GOULD, Photographer, Cor. MAIN & RAILROAD STS. A. V. HAYNES, HARNESSE MAKER. And dealer in TRUNKS, VALISES, TRAVELING BAGS, WHIPS, BLANKETS, &c., &c., &c.

House, Stable and Valuable Lots FOR SALE. The Estate of the late E. J. JOSE, on Warren street, Academy Hill, will be sold in one or more lots to suit purchasers, and money will be advanced to builders, if desired.

JAMES BUEL & CO., MACHINISTS, Steam Engines, Boilers, Shafting, Pulleys, Mill Gears, &c., &c., &c. 129 Main Street, Woburn.

Oil Carpets. The best assortment of Oil Carpets we ever had are now for sale at the oil stand, OPPOSITE THE COMMON.

J. E. Littlefield & Sons, DEALERS IN LUMBER, Coal and Wood, SHINGLES, Clapboards, Laths, Pickets, Conductors, Caps and Irons, Mouldings, &c., &c., &c.

Superior Printing. The undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Woburn and vicinity that he has at his disposal a full and complete outfit for the printing of all kinds of business and domestic cards, &c., &c., &c.

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BOSTON AND LOWELL R. R. ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1873, TRAINS WILL LEAVE BOSTON

Lowell, 7:10 A. M., 12:30 P. M., 2:30 P. M., 4:30 P. M., 6:30 P. M. Boston, 7:10 A. M., 12:30 P. M., 2:30 P. M., 4:30 P. M., 6:30 P. M.

Lowell, 7:10 A. M., 12:30 P. M., 2:30 P. M., 4:30 P. M., 6:30 P. M. Boston, 7:10 A. M., 12:30 P. M., 2:30 P. M., 4:30 P. M., 6:30 P. M.

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THE Fall Campaign HAS JUST OPENED.

NEW AND STYLISH SUIT OF CLOTHES; ALSO, A NOBBY OVERCOAT.

A. GRANT, Nobbiest Suits and Coatings. A fresh assortment of FURNISHING GOODS, COLLARS, in all their novelties; WHITE SHIRTS, UNDERWEAR, CARBON JACKETS, and other findings kept in a first-class establishment.

A. GRANT, Merchant Tailor. 169 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

J. C. WHITCHER, REAL ESTATE AGENT, CONVEYANCER, AUCTIONEER, AND COLLECTOR. No. 2 WADE BLOCK, WOBURN, MASS.

W. WOODBERRY, GRAIN. Of all kinds for sale, and delivered to all parts of the town.

W. WOODBERRY, GRAIN. Of all kinds for sale, and delivered to all parts of the town.

W. WOODBERRY, GRAIN. Of all kinds for sale, and delivered to all parts of the town.

F. M. LEIGHTON, 229 Main Street, Woburn.

Where he will keep constantly on hand a good assortment of Harnesses, Collars, Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Horse Blankets, Carriage Robes, and everything pertaining to the business, as well as all kinds of repairs.

ETNA INS. CO., HARTFORD, CONN. INCORPORATED 1850. CAPITAL, \$500,000. CHARTERED PERPETUAL.

PURE MILK FROM ECHOGLIN FARM. The subscriber, having sold the Stockton farm of his own, is prepared to deliver milk, from Jersey, Ayrshire and native cows, in any part of Woburn Center, by the day or week.

EBENEZER PARKER, BILL COLLECTOR. Residence, 38 Main Street, WOBURN, MASS. All orders left at the JOURNAL Office promptly attended to.

Great Display OF ROOM PAPER AT A. E. Thompson & Co.'s, No. 3 Wade Block, WOBURN.

Woburn and Boston Express. The subscriber respectfully announces that on and after MONDAY, July 1, 1873, he will run a Daily Express between Woburn and Boston, starting from Woburn at 7 A. M., and from Boston at 1 P. M.

S. F. Thompson, CIVIL ENGINEER. Conveyancer, Auctioneer, Real Estate and Insurance Agent, PROBATE ADVISOR &c., Woburn Office, corner of Main and Walnut streets.

No. 31

A LONESOME MAN,—In a shanty.

as office for the banking, postal and express business of Wells, Fargo & Co., in Maryland. There sat our Saturday

for any one present. Miners came, left their "dust," took their coin in return, and exchanged their greetings with all present save the one morose man, whose apathy, nothing, it seemed, could disturb.

Finally there entered a young miner with a beaming face, who after completing his business at the counter, turned to the agent in charge and remarked that on the previous Saturday he had some dealings with the bank, and thought that some mistake had been made. He

"Guess not," said the agent. "Our cash was all right, and I reckon we keep our books pretty straight."

"That's just what I make it," said the latter, "and here's your money." With this he threw down the gold and re-

While this conversation was going on, the misanthropic gent had preserved his

"Saw the money actually returned, his face brightened up, he rose slowly, walked toward the honest miner, and said: "Young man, don't you feel lonesome in this country?"

SPEAKING DISTINCTLY.—In the Eastern part of Massachusetts live two brothers, both of them old and pious men, one of them indeed, is a clergyman, and these two have a common peculiarity, which is, that in asking a blessing at

the family table, they mumble the words so that none but themselves and He to whom the petition is addressed, can tell what they are saying. Many years ago, the clergyman was at the association of the ministers and was discoursing to the younger members of the profession upon

To illustrate this point, he related an anecdote in his own experience. Said he,

The other morning I was called away or a few minutes just as I was about to sit down at the breakfast table, and on my return I forgot to ask the blessing I usually do. My little Fred spoke up and said, 'papa, why don't you make that noise which you always do before we sit

own at table?" Another story like unto this is told of this clergyman's brother, who had a similar peculiarity. This brother had a nephew whose parents were not pious people, and the first time he had ever heard a blessing asked

table was at his uncle's when the child was about four years old. He was very attentive and respectful during the devotions, but on his return home he inquired with great curiosity of his father: "What was it that Uncle Thomas said when we sat down to supper? Was it green?"

BE CAREFUL OF YOUR PASTOR.—He has his faults. Deal tenderly with them. He carries heavy burdens of responsibility.

and anxiety, of which you have but a little conception. Sympathize with him and succor him by your prayers. He may feel discouraged and ready to resign. Dissipate his despondency by cheerful words and acts of kindness. Do you ever hear words of disparagement

fault-finding uttered against him? Re-
buke and repel them. It is in the power
of a church to make a pastor what he
ought to be to the church, a good pastor
and a good preacher. His devotion, pie-
ty, preaching and success, very largely

pend upon the influence exerted upon him by his flock. Let the deacons especially remember how much depends upon their efforts in aiding and cheering a pastor, by counselling with him, dropping into his home, imparting a word of encouragement, cultivating a mutual

confidence, an open and cordial fellowship. The minister is an earthen vessel. Handle the earthen vessel with caution, lest you may break it.—*Christian Visitor*.

in opportunity to learn all you can. Sir Walter Scott said that even in a stage coach he always found somebody to tell him something he did not know. Conversation is frequently more useful than books, for purposes of knowledge. It is,

Therefore, a great mistake to be morose and silent among persons whom you think ignorant; for a little sociability on your part, will draw them out, and they will be able to teach you something, no matter how ordinary their employment. Indeed some of the most accomplished

marks are made by persons of this description, respecting their particular pursuits. Hugh Miller, the Scotch geologist, owes not a little of his fame to observations made when a journeyman stone mason, and working in a quarry.

erates well said that there was but one good, which is knowledge, and one evil, which is ignorance. Every grain of sand goes to make a heap. A gold digger takes the smallest nuggets, and is not of enough to throw them away, because he expects to find a large lump.

Somehow. So in acquiring knowledge, we should never despise an opportunity, however unpromising. If there is a moment's leisure, spend it over a good, or constructive talking with the first one you know.

Special Announcement.
GRAMMAR BROS'.
French Kid Button Boots
ONLY \$4.50
Per Pair at
Buckman's
150 MAIN ST. WOBURN

The Middlesex County Journal.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING. . . JOURNAL BUILDING, 204 MAIN STREET. . . TERMS, \$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

Vol XXII.

WOBURN, MASS. SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1873

No 32.

New and Elegant PIANO FORTE ROOMS.

Mr. Oliver Green
HAS OPENED

New and Elegant Piano Forte Rooms,
In Dodge's Block,
Cor. Main and Railroad Sts.,
Where he will keep constantly on hand, for sale or
to let,
PIANOS, ORGANS, STOOLS,
COVERS, &c., &c.,
Pianos sold on installments on terms to
suit. Also Pianos Tuned.

All instruments are of the FINEST QUALITY,
and as to style, tone and finish cannot be
excelled by any stock elsewhere.

OLIVER GREEN,
Dodge's Block, Main Street, Woburn.
Corner of Railroad Street.

DR. C. T. LANC'S
Dental Rooms,
135 MAIN ST., WOBURN.
Opposite First Congregational Church.

POULTRY AND EGGS.
B. F. COLEGATE,
prepared to supply Eggs for Setting, of all the
common or fancy breeds of Hens.

Also, for sale, trills of Buff and Partridge Cochins,
Dark and Light Braams, Dorkings, Plymouth
Rocks, &c.

HENRY AT CUMMINGSVILLE
Woburn Mass.

W. H. FOSTER,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in

FURNITURE,
OF ALL KINDS,
No. 241 Main St., Woburn
Upholstering and Repairing in all its Branches,
Promptly Attended to.

JOHN A. BOUTELLE,
GENEALOGIST
BANK BLOCK
173 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Genealogies traced and compiled, Family Regis-
ters engraved, Diplomas filled out, Marriage Cer-
tificates written, &c.
Office hours, Monday and Thursday afternoons.
An Evening School will be opened THURSDAY, N.
Nov. 14, 1872, at 7 o'clock, P. M., and continue on
Mondays and Thursdays, for instruction in
Bookkeeping and Penmanship. Terms for 12 les-
sons, in advance, \$2 for Penmanship, \$2 for Book-
keeping.

JOHN C. BUCK,
TEACHER OF
PIANO-FORTE & REED ORGAN
Vestry of First Congl. Church,
WOBURN
Refers to the following testimonials:

I take pleasure in recommending Mr. John C. Buck, organist of the First Congregational Church, to my many former pupils, as a teacher well qual-
ified to give instruction upon the Piano-Forte and
Reed Organ. WILLIAM H. CLARK

CENTRAL HOUSE
Livery, Hack and Boarding
STABLE
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
G. F. JONES, 11 Proprietor

STRAW MATTINGS.
Large line of Straw Mattings, just received, and
at sale at the lowest prices, by
WM. WOODBERRY

SAMUEL RINN,
Fashionable Bootmaker,
139 Main Street,
Opposite the First Congregational Church,
WOBURN.

Repairing in all its branches promptly and
cheaply done.

WILLIAM WINN,
Auctioneer,
Burlington, - - - Mass.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on
reasonable terms. In default of sale, the property
will be sold, without delay, to the highest bidder.
Woburn, Mass., promptly attended to.

THOMAS S. BANKS,
FLORIST,
Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.

Has constantly on hand, at his Greenhouse, a fine
assortment of flowers, for sale at low prices.
Bouquets and Cut Flowers furnished at short
notice.

Chicago and the East
Conflagration!
A complete history of the FIRE of this most won-
derful of cities, and a detailed, circumstantial and
reliable account of its destruction by fire, as seen
from the inside, by Messrs. COLBERT & CHAM-
BERLIN, City Editors of Chicago Tribune. Fully
illustrated from Photographs taken on the spot.
Agents wanted.

RAILROAD MARKET.

E. O. Soles,

Would thank all those who assisted in removing his
stock on the evening of March 26th, and announce
that he is re-established on.

RAILROAD, Cor. MAIN STS.

ON WHAT IS KNOWN AS

ROUNDY'S CORNER.

WHERE HE OFFERS

Meat & Provisions

OF ALL KINDS AT REASONABLE PRICES.

QUINCY MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

Cash Fund, Apr. 25, 1873, over \$230,000.

AND ALL LOSSES PAID IN FULL,
over \$250,000 in the year.

Dwelling Houses,
Household Furniture,
Furnishings, and contents,
Churches, Stores and contents.

And the safe Class of Risks insured on very favor-
able terms.

All Loans Promptly adjusted and paid

S. F. Thompson Agt. for Woburn.

This Company has been in operation 22 years,
has paid over \$1,150,000 in Losses, and over \$100,
000 in dividends to Policy holders.

ISAAC F. MUNROE, President.

CHAS. A. HOWLAND, Secretary.

JUNES 20-14

M. ELLIS & CO.,
BUILDING MOVERS, STONE MASONS
AND CELLAR BUILDERS,
Park St., Rear of Baptist Church
Office over Bucknam's Shoe Store,
WOBURN.

Laborers furnished by the day. Having had an
experience of twenty-five years in the Moving and
Cellar business, we guarantee to give good satisfac-
tion.

WILLIAM C. CLEMENT, Piano Forte tuner and
Dealer in Pianos, Organs, Stools, Cloths,
Music Stands, &c., No. 2 Beach Street
Woburn, also 37 Charlestown and 488 Wash-
ington Street, Boston.

Office over S. H. Horton's, Woburn. 13

W. A. COLEGATE,
FLORIST,
Greenhouse at Cummingsville.

WOBURN, - - - MASS.

Plants, Shrubs, Trees, Potted
Plants, Wreaths, Bouquets,
and Baskets of Cut
Flowers, 99
Supplied at Short Notice.

Chas. A. Smith,
DRY GOODS,
177 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

If you want your Drugs PURE and
GENUINE, and your Roots
and Herbs Fresh and of
full Strength,

PATRONIZE
FOSDICK & BUSS,
APOTHECARIES,
170 Main Street,
WOBURN.

A fine assortment of Fancy Goods always on hand

Woburn Circulating Library.

New books added as soon as published. 105

GEORGE P. FOSDICK, CHAS. H. BUSS

Geo. S. Dodge,
APOTHECARY,
No. 189 MAIN STREET, WOBURN

"DETERMINED TO MEET EVERY PUBLIC RE-
QUIREMENT."

"The Invalid needs the best of
everything."

In addition to the most complete Medical depart-
ment we furnish TOILET ARTICLES, FANCY GOODS
and STATIONERY, at very low prices.

The Place to Purchase
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,
Of nearly all varieties: as

Cornets, Alto, Baritone, Basses,
Contrabass, Orchestra Cor-
nets, Flutes, Piccolos, Saxophones,
Drums, Cymbals, Triangles, Fiddles, Pianos,
Guitars, Violins, and Cellars, Violoncellos,
Double Basses, Concertinas, Flutinas,
Hornettes, Banjos, Mandolins, Ban-
jos, and other Stringed, and
all Musical Merchandise, and
the well known store of

J. C. HAYNES & CO.,
33 COURT ST., BOSTON.
(Opposite Court House.)

FOR SALE CHEAP!
HOT-HOUSE PLANTS

In great variety, for transplanting out doors in the
Spring.

JOSEPH KELLEY,
Church Street Greenhouse.

As she approached her mother's chair,
she noticed a note lying in her lap.

"For you, dear," said her mother, an-
swering Winnie's inquiring look.

"Bell wants me to come over this eve-
ning for a little while; her father is not at
home. I think I cannot go, for you are
not well, may," said Winnie, dropping
on a low stool at her mother's feet.

"I am quite well, only tired," an-
swered her mother. "I particularly de-
sire you to go. I will tell you why when
you return, if you do not know. Do not
stay longer than nine, will you, Win-
nie?"

Just across the street stood the Hon.
Horace Crompton's mansion. Every-
thing wealth could supply was lavished
upon house and grounds, until perfection
seemed to have been realized here.

B. I. Crompton and Winnie's father were
fast friends and schoolmates. Being
about sixteen years old, they were in the
same class at school, and living near each
other, they were almost inseparable.

Winnie went to the south door and en-
tered without ringing. Fannie, the
chambermaid, passed through the hall
as Winnie entered.

"Miss Bell is in her own room, and
wishes you to go to her," she said.

Winnie found Bell lying upon a lounge
in her dressing-room.

"Are you sick, Bell?" said Winnie.
She thought it must be, Bell looked so
disturbed.

"No, Winnie, I am not sick, but worse
than that; I've got the blues."

"Now pray do not look so aston-
ished," for Winnie's eyes expressed as-
tonishment, as they roved among the fa-
miliar appointments of the room. "I
know just what you think," said Bell,
"that I have everything to make me
happy, and she turned her face to the
wall, and burst out crying."

"Don't, Bell! What has happened?"
said Winnie, feeling frightened.

Never before had she seen her friend in
such a mood.

In a few moments Bell ceased to sob,
and soon arose from the lounge and
bathed her face.

"You never saw me cry before, Win-
nie," she said in a trembling voice.

"You know I pride myself on my
strong controlling will, but the sight of
your sweet, sympathizing face, as you
entered the room, was more than my
over wrought feelings would bear. I am
feeling lonely to night, and that is the
reason I sent for you," said Bell, going
up to Winnie as she stood by the man-
tel.

What a pretty picture the two maid-
ens made. The open grate threw a glow
over the crimson furniture, for the eve-
ning was a chilly one in April. Winnie,
with her blue eyes, golden ringlets and
quiet mourning dress, Bell, with her
glossy black braids bound round her
quaintly head, soft brown eyes and olive
complexion, were this evening a garnet
poplin that relieved her paleness. No
artist could wish for a prettier contrast
than these two.

Bell drew the lounge before the fire,
and the two girls seated themselves pre-
pared to talk.

"Winnie, I will tell you why I cried,"
said Bell. "People think I am proud.
The seeming to be so is a mask I wear,
for, Winnie, I am not happy. Perhaps you
have envied me my home and beautiful
surroundings; but did you ever think
their might be a something, with it all,
like a worm in the heart of a rose, eating
and destroying though unseen, till you
stretch out your hand to grasp it and
find nothing but ashes?"

Poetry.

MISCHIEF MAKING.

Of could there in this world be found
Some little spot of happy ground,
Without the village tattle?
How doubly bliss that spot would be
Where all might dwell in liberty,
Free from the bitter miseries
Of Gossip's endless prattling.

If such a spot were really known,
Dance Peace might call it as her own,
And in it she might fix her throne
Forever and forever.

There lies a queen might reign and live,
While every one would soon forgive
The trifling faults they might receive,
And be offended never.

'Tis mischief-makers that remove
Far from our hearts the warmth of love;
And leads us all to disapprove
What gives another pleasure.

They seem to take one's part, but when
Straight to their neighbor's they go
Narrating every thing they know,
And break the peace of high and low,
Wife, husband, friend and brother.

Of that mischief-making crew
Were all reduced to one or two,
And they were painted red or blue,<
That every one might know them,
Then would our neighbors forget
To rage and quarrel, fume and fret,
And fall into an angry pet
With things so much below them.

For 'tis sad, degrading
To make another's bosom smart,
And plant a dagger in the heart.
We ought to love and cherish,
Then let us ever more be found
In quietness with all around,
While friendship, joy and peace abound,
And angry feelings perish.

Original Story.

RICH AND POOR.

BY VIOLET SOMERBY.

"Winnie, come and try on your basque
it is ready now," called Mrs. Atherton
from her sewing room.

"Yes, ma, I'm coming," answered
Winnie, from the little parlor where she
was sitting, reading.

"Why, ma, how pretty you have
made it!" exclaimed Winnie, as her
mother holds up the garment she had
fashioned.

"It looks just as nice as Bell Crompton's,
if it was made out of an old dress.
Have you trimmed the skirt, ma?"

"Look, Winnie," and Mrs. Atherton
lifts from the chair the remainder of the
suit.

"You are a darling mother," and a
laughing kiss chases away a mother's
weariness.

"Now, Winnie, you have a pretty
spring school dress, and no one need
know it is not new," said Mrs. Atherton,
rather up on the scraps strown over the
target.

"I know it is just as pretty as though
it had been bought this spring, but I
should enjoy the luxury of buying new
dresses like Bell's," said Winnie.

Mrs. Atherton continued to put the
room in order, apparently not noticing
Winnie's remark.

"Winnie, you may make the tea to-
night; I am tired, and will rest awhile,"
said Mrs. Atherton, closing the sew-
ing-room door, and seating herself in the
large easy chair. Winnie had wheeled
for her into the bow window.

"You have sewed too long, and for-
get," answered Winnie, as she left the
room to prepare her evening's repast.

As the echo of Winnie's footsteps died
away, Mrs. Atherton sighed heavily.

Here was a peaceful face, made so by
suffering. Her lips were compressed
now, with some inward struggle. From
under the long lashes tear-drops came,
rolling down the cheeks. Presently
opening her eyes to gaze upon the se-
mblance of her loved and lost one, she
checked her grief and wiped away her
tears.

Mrs. Atherton was a widow.

Only a few months had passed since
her strong loving husband had been sepa-
rated from her by one of those frequent
railroad accidents, that startled the com-
munity for a season, and then passed
from the minds of all but those whose
hearts were torn and bleeding by the ruin
that was wrought in many a home cir-
cle.

Mrs. Atherton was comfortably situ-
ated, owning the house she lived in, with
an income sufficient, with economy to
support herself and Winnie.

Those who have loved and lost, know
the loneliness of a widowed heart; the
seasons of despair, and then of repos-
ing on the strong arm of our "Elder
Brother."

"Come, ma, tea is ready," calls Win-
nie; and her mother arouses herself from
the reverie into which she had fallen, and
descends to the snug dining room. The
vacant place opposite Mrs. Atherton at
table was never forgotten. "There here we
miss our loved ones, but when we gather
around our Father's table, may all be
there."

Winnie washed the tea dishes and re-
set the table for breakfast, then joined her
mother in the parlor.

As she approached her mother's chair,
she noticed a note lying in her lap.

"For you, dear," said her mother, an-
swering Winnie's inquiring look.

"Bell wants me to come over this eve-
ning for a little while; her father is not at
home. I think I cannot go, for you are
not well, ma," said Winnie, dropping
on a low stool at her mother's feet.

"I am quite well, only tired," an-
swered her mother. "I particularly de-
sire you to go. I will tell you why when
you return, if you do not know. Do not
stay longer than nine, will you, Win-
nie?"

"Bell, dear, please do not talk so, I
am surprised, I, too, have wished to
change places with you," said Winnie.

"Winnie! Atherton," slowly said
Bell, looking into her companion's face,
you know not what you wished for. I
seem to have everything, and the world
knows nothing different, but I am starv-
ing for affection. No one strokes my
hair, nor kisses my brow as other girls'
mothers do. No one says I am a com-
fort but poor old nurse. I wonder—"

"What is it, Bell?" asked Winnie as
Bell paused.

"Do you suppose your mother would
give me counsel, and let me tell her my
petty troubles?" said Bell, inquiringly.

"Mother would help you I know," an-
swered Winnie. "She always knows
just what to say to comfort me. Some-
times I am discontented, but she does not
scold, only strokes my hair and talks so
kind that I forget my disagreements and
am quite happy."

"You may tell her, Winnie, and say 'a
motherless girl asks for only a little sym-
pathy and encouragement now and then.'"

"Ma will be pleased to do you good,
for she has often said she knew you must
feel lonely at times," said Winnie, rising
from Bell's side, and preparing to go
home.

"Will you ask Fannie to see Winnie
across the street," said Belle it is quite
dark," pressing her face against the win-
dow.

Nurse went for the girl, and Bell
turned to Winnie with a smile upon her
face, saying, "you have comforted me,
Winnie, I will come over to see your
mother, after school to-morrow." Good
night, Winnie."

"Good night, Bell," and Winnie started
for home.

"Mother," said Winnie, when she had
thrown off her hat and shawl, "are you
a fairy?"

"I think not, answered her mother
smiling. "Why do you ask?"

Then Winnie told her mother the story
of Bell's grief.

"Mother, I have been dissatisfied
many times, and caused you much pain
by comparing our lot with our neigh-
bor's, but I have learned a lesson to-
night, that I think will never be forgot-
ten."

"Yes, Winnie, I knew you must see
for yourself, dear you would realize how
rich you were. I knew not that it would
be to-night. By experience I know that
change places with whom we would, with
the happiness we hoped to gain, there
would be a weight of sorrow at our
hearts, our own would be lighter."

"Yes, mother, the lesson is enough.
I would not be willing now to change
places with any one."

"Winnie, you'll never forget this
evening, for I feel you will look upon life
differently than ever before. Instead of
envying; seek to do good to others, and
as your opportunities for usefulness in-
crease, and you rightly improve them,
you will find no time to murmur. In-
humanly ground under its weight of woe,
whether found in the poor man's home or
in the palace of the wealthy. Aching
hearts are found everywhere, Winnie,
and to comfort these brings sweetest
happiness."

The color deepened in her cheeks, her
eyes flashed with the intensity of emo-
tion, as she gazed into the fire. With a
long drawn breath she raised her head,
and her eyes rested on her mother's pic-
ture hanging over the mantel. There was
no resemblance between the two, save the
eyes. Her mother seemed to be look-
ing at her, and there was that in-
finite mother love beaming from the
countenance, that attracted whoever
gazed upon the picture.

"Oh! Winnie, if my mother had lived
I should have been loved."

"Why, Bell?" exclaimed Winnie, "I
thought you were your father's idol."

"Yes, in one sense I am," she said.
He is proud of me, for he thinks I am
smart; and—and—Winnie, I am not vain
—he thinks I resemble him."

"Yes, dear Bell, you are beautiful,
and I always thought you were perfectly
happy," replied Winnie.

"There seems to be a strange spell
upon me to-night. I must relieve my
burdened heart, and I know you will
keep my secret," said Bell in a dreamy
way.

"You would not want me to keep it
from mother, would you?" inquired Win-
nie.

"No, Winnie, I thought your mother
might help me."

"I am sure she will," eagerly re-
sponded Winnie.

"Then, Winnie, listen! I go to school
—come home to this great house with
no one to welcome me except nurse and
the housekeeper, who do love me, I be-
lieve, but no one who understands me.
Father furnishes everything he thinks
necessary for my comfort, and leaves me
alone. I know he is full of business, but
there are other business men whom we
meet coming from the cars at five o'clock,
yet my father does not come till late in
the evening. Sundays he shuts himself
in the library after attending morning
service. And, Winnie, you may have
thought I have everything I ask for. It
is not so. Father is rich, but I am poor.
You do not understand? No! how
could you; you who have a loving
mother. I have watched you, Winnie,
from these windows, receiving your
mother's caresses, and wished I could
change places with you. Forgive me,
I would not have you suffer as I do.
My clothes, and all I have come to
me as regular as the seasons change.
I have five dollars every month for
spending money, and this I save to give
away, yet people think me selfish and
uncharitable. There is nothing inside or
outside the house that I can call my own,
to do with as I please. I forgot—there
is my Bible, my mother's picture and a
box of old playthings that I go to some-
times, and find a toy for a little child,
peeking through the iron fence at the
dowers."

old French War, and carried the flag at
the capture of Louisburg." Of his "three
brothers," two, "George and Edmund,"
says the narrative, "were both killed by
one cannon ball at the battle of Mon-
mouth," Edmund having his "head shot
off," and George Monroe having his
body "torn open."

Speaking of himself in particular, Levi
Harrington states that he lived where
"Major Johnson now lives, two years,"
in "Fiske House," he lived "seven years,"
in "old house on Lincoln road, one and
a quarter years." He "moved into new
house north of Common, in July, 1799."

As to the appearance of Lexington
village at the beginning of the Revolu-
tion, the narrative states: "But five
houses were found on the Common on
April 19th, 1775," viz:

1. "William Monroe's, now Parker's
store, 1846." Store occupied by White-
er & Saville, 1873.

2. "John Bucknam's, now Rufus Mer-
riam's 1846." Mrs. Stetson's residence,
1873.

3. "Daniel Harrington's now B. Har-
rington's north of Common."

4. "Jonathan Harrington, Jr.'s, now
E. Brown's north of Common." Occu-
pied by James Gould, 1873.

5. "Marret Monroe's, now I. Huf-
master's 1846." John Hudson's residence,
1873.

"There was much low brush on the
common on each side of the monument,
at the time when the battle was fought,"
and at the same period, there was "an
oak tree at each end of the meeting house,
and two oak trees in front towards Mer-
riam's garden." The narrator recollects
that a "large stump of an oak tree,"
once stood near the centre of the com-
mon. This stump was "hollow," about
"twelve feet high, and four feet in di-
ameter. People used to stand inside of it,
and four or five persons occupied it at
the same time." The "meeting-house"
mentioned, stood, as is well known, at
the southernmost angle of the Green.

"During the night before the 19th,"
remarks the narrative, "nine British
officers passed through the town, going
toward Concord. They were discovered
by Elijah Sanderson, Jonathan Loring
and Solomon Brown, who mounted horses
and rode after them to learn where
they were going and what were their
intentions."

"The officers, halting near Brook's
tan-yard in Lincoln, succeeded in cap-
turing the three Americans. Upon be-
ing questioned, they informed the officers
that the people knew what was going on;
that a large party of Americans were on
the march close by. This intelligence
alarmed the officers, and induced them to
return towards Boston with their pris-
oners. Coming in sight of Lexington
meeting house, and hearing the alarm
bell, they asked what that bell was ring-
ing for? They were informed that it
was to call the soldiers out, in addition
to the large number then assembled on
the Green. One of the Americans pre-
dicted the officers could not escape
such a large force,—they would certainly
be taken prisoners. This hint serving its
purpose, increased the alarm of the
King's men to a panic. Ordering their
prisoners to dismount, they did so; when
the nine veterans, believing that "discre-
tion is the better part of valor," after cut-
ting the bridles and saddle girths of the
three Americans, rode with all haste to-
wards Boston, and escaped unharméd."

The fight on Lexington Common, is
described in the narrative as follows:

"The British troops marched up in
front of the meeting house half an hour
before sunrise. One company of Gren-
adiers marched up to the east end of the
meeting house, Lieutenant Colonel Smith
at the head of them. The main body of
the troops remained on the Concord
road, south side of the meeting house.
The company of Grenadiers mentioned,
was brought into line in front

The Middlesex County Journal.

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Vol XXII.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1873.

No 33.

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Poetry.

M. A. V.
The world has blossomed, blossomed,
Every tree now wears a crown,
And the wings of all the winds,
Sweet above flatter down.

Rose and white the waves of blossoms,
Softly roll and surge around,
And every light breeze dandles
Their white spray to the ground.

The world has blossomed, blossomed,
Violet blue eyes in each dell,
O'er the soft and yielding mosses
Daintily they cast their spell.

And the parades in the garden,
With their wondrous mountain eyes,
Seem telling tragic stories
To the stars up in the skies.

The world has blossomed, blossomed,
Gorgeous colors are unrolled,
And the tulips in their splendor
Seem a very clod of gold.

And the regal blue looses
Cast their incense far around,
While the golden dandelions
Gentle star the common ground.

Oh, in this month of blossoms,
Heart, how can we be sad?
Let us look aside the rain of tears,
And with the world be glad.

Let us leave the purple splendors
Of the royal years behind,
And feel that though the best is past
Some good we yet may find.

O, blossoms, sweet May blossoms,
There is promise in your touch;
Yet I weep a little, when I feel
I have asked of life too much.

And when I think of life the hopes
I have battled with your snow,
I know that none are left to me
Half, half so sweet as those.

Selected.
LOVE ON A LOG.

"Miss Becky Newton."
"Well, sir?"
"Will you marry me?"
"No, I won't."

"Very well; then don't, that's all."

Mr. Fred E. Eckerston drew away his chair, and putting his feet up on the piazza, unfolded a newspaper. Miss Becky Newton bit her lip and went on with her sewing. She wondered if that was going to be the last of it. She had felt this proposal coming for nearly a month, but the scene she had anticipated was not at all like this. She had intended to refuse him, but it was to be done gracefully. She was to remain firm, notwithstanding his most eager entreaties. She was to have told him that though respecting his many worth and upright character, she could never be more than an appreciative and earnest friend. She had intended to shed a few tears, perhaps, as he knelt in agony of supplication at her feet. But, instead, he had asked her the simple question, without any rhetorical embellishments, and on being answered, had plunged at once into his newspaper, as though he had merely inquired the time of day. She could have cried with vexation.

"You will never have a better chance," he continued, after a pause, as he deliberately turned over the sheet to find the latest telegraphic reports.

"A better chance for what?" she asked shortly.

"A better chance to marry a young, good looking man, whose gallantry to the sex is only exceeded by his bravery in their defense?" Fred was quoting from the newspaper, but Miss Newton did not know it.

"And whose gallantry is only exceeded by his impudence," retorted the lady, sarcastically.

"Before long," continued Fred, "you will be out of the market. Your chances, you know, are getting slimmer every day."

"Sir?"

"It won't be a great while before you are ineligible. You will grow old and wrinkled, and—"

"Such rudeness to a lady, sir, is monstrous," exclaimed Miss Newton, rising hastily, and flushing to the temples.

"I'll give you a final opportunity, Miss Becky. Will you marry me?"

"Not if you were the King of England," interrupted Miss Newton, throwing down her work. "I am not accustomed to such insults, sir." And so saying, she passed into the house and slammed the door behind her.

"She is never so handsome as when she is in a rage," thought Fred to himself, after she had gone, as he slowly rolled up his paper and put it in his pocket. "I was a fool to goad her so. I shall never win her in that way. But I'll have her," he exclaimed aloud. "By heavens! I will have her cost what it may."

Very different was the Fred Eckerston of the present, pacing nervously up and down the piazza, from the Fred Eckerston of a few moments ago, receiving his dismissal from the woman he loved, with such a calm, imperious exterior. For he loved Becky Newton with all his heart. The real difficulty in the way, as he now thought himself, was not so much with himself as with his pocket. Becky Newton had an insuperable objection to an empty wallet. The daughter of a wealthy Louisiana planter, reared a luxury, and the recipient of a yearly allowance of pin money sufficient to pay Fred's whole bill for a month, she had no immediate idea of changing her situation for one of less comfort and independence. Besides, it had been intimated to her that a neighboring planter had looked upon her with covetous eyes. To be sure she was old and ugly, but he was rich, and in her present precarious state of mind, Miss Becky Newton did not desire to allow such a chance of becoming a wealthy widow, to slip by unimproved.

But alas for human nature! If Becky was really so indifferent to Fred Eckerston, why did she run up stairs after that interview, and take the starch all out of

her nice clean pillow slumbers by crying herself into hysterics on the bed? It was not all wrath, not all vexation, not all pique.

There was something deep down in Becky Newton's heart, a feeling very much akin to remorse. She was not sure that she would not some day be sorry for what she had done. She had no doubt she could be very happy as his wife, after all.

"But then," she cried, growing hot with the recollection, "he was so rude and so insulting. I never could live with such a man—never!"

When Fred Eckerston had walked off some of his feelings on the piazza, he concluded to take a look at the river. The Mississippi, which flowed within five hundred yards of the house, was at that time nearly at the height of its annual "spring rise." Its turbid waters, rushing swiftly towards the sea, had nearly filled the banks, and in many places broke through the levees and flooded the lowlands for many miles. A crevasse of this description had been made in the farther bank, nearly opposite the house, and the windows of the Newton mansion commanded a view of a vast and glittering sea not laid down on the map. The main current of the stream bore upon its coffee colored bosom an enormous mass of floating timber, which was dashed along in the boiling flood, rendering navigation wholly impossible. The waters were still rising, and the frequent crashes far and near, told of the undermining power of the current, as sections of the sandy bank succumbed and disappeared, carrying with them the trees that overhung the stream.

Now, it happened that by a curious coincidence, Miss Newton also resolved to look at the river. She dried her tears, and putting on her hat, slipped out by the back door to avoid Fred, and soon found herself at the foot of a huge cottonwood tree on the bank below the house. Throwing herself upon the grass and lulled by the rapid flood beneath, she soon fell fast asleep. Had she possessed any power of foreseeing the future, she would have been the last thing she would have done, for although the scene was very pleasant, it was very near the end of the world. In the shade, with the soft sunlight filtering through the leaves overhead.

A terrible crash made chaos of her dream; the tall cottonwood toppled and fell, and Miss Becky suddenly found herself immersed in the cold flood, with her mouth full of muddy water. In a moment some one's arm was around her and she felt herself lifted up and placed in the sunshine, though precisely where, she was too bewildered as yet to know. Getting her eyes open at last, she found Fred Eckerston's whiskers almost brushing her face.

"Well!"

"Where am I?" asked Becky, shivering, and looking around her.

"You are in the middle of the Mississippi," replied Fred, "and you are in the fork of a cottonwood tree, and you are voyaging towards the Gulf of Mexico, just as fast as the fastest can carry you."

"In the same conveyance with yourself, Miss Becky. In fact, you and I and the tree all came together, to say nothing of a portion of your father's plantation, which I fear, is lost to him forever."

Becky was silent. She was thinking, not of the accident or of their perilous position, but of her appearance when she was lying asleep on the grass.

"How long was you there before this happened?" she asked.

"As long as you were. I was up in the tree when you came."

"You had no right to be up there," she said, coloring—"a spy upon my movements."

"Nonsense!" he replied. "You intruded upon my privacy, and while you slept I watched over you like the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft."

"Thank you for your service, I'm sure," she said, bridling.

"You snored awfully."

"Mr. Eckerston, remove your arm from my waist."

"Then put yours around my neck."

"Indeed, I shall do no such thing."

"You will fall into the river if you do not."

Becky was silent for several minutes, while the unwieldy raft whirled along in the current, rolling from side to side and threatening every instant to turn completely over and tip them off. At last she said—

"What are we to do?"

"I think now that I am started I shall go on to New Orleans," he replied.

"It is a hundred miles!"

"Yes, and the chance of a free ride for such a distance is not to be neglected. You can go ashore if you prefer."

"She burst into tears."

"You are cruel," she said, "to treat me so."

"Cruel!" exclaimed Fred, drawing her closer to him, quickly—"cruel to you?"

There was no help for it, and she again relapsed into silence, quite content, apparently, to remain in Fred's arms, and evincing now no disposition to rebel. For once in her life she was dependent on a man.

"I want to go to New Orleans," continued Fred, after a pause, "because there is a young lady of my acquaintance residing there, whom I have an intention of inviting into this neighborhood."

"Oh!"

"If we don't get to New Orleans, and if we get safe out of this scrape, I shall write for her to come any way."

"Ah!"

"I shall obtain board for her in St. Jean, which will be convenient for me as long as I remain your father's guest."

can ride over every morning after breakfast, you see."

"She is an intimate friend, then," said Becky.

"I expect to marry her before long," he replied.

"Marry her! Why you—you propose to me this morning?"

"Yes, but you refused me. I told you that you would never have another chance."

Becky was again silent. It is a matter of some doubt whether, had Fred at that moment, sitting astride the cottonwood log with his feet in the water and his arm around her waist, proposed to her a second time, she would have accepted him or not. To be sure, a marvelous change had come over Becky's feelings since her tumble into the river. She felt that one strong arm like that which supported her was worth a thousand aid and decelerating, and she recognized the fact that a man who could talk so coolly and unconcernedly in a situation of extreme peril, was one of no ordinary courage. But she was not yet quite prepared to give up her golden dreams. The dress was not quite washed out of her soul, and she did not know how much she loved Fred Eckerston. Besides, she did not half believe him.

Their clumsy vessel floated on, now root first, now sideways, and now half submerged beneath the boiling current. Their precarious hold became more uncertain, as their frames became chilled by the cold water, and every plunge of the log threatened to cast them once more into the river. In vain Fred endeavored to attract the attention of some one on the shore. The cottonwood retained a course nearly in the middle of the stream too far from either bank to render their outcries of much avail. As it grew dark their case seemed more and more hopeless, and to Becky there appeared to be no escape from certain death, either by drowning in the darkness or by exhaustion before daybreak. Yet to die in this man's arms seemed not wholly a terror. She could hardly think even if death must come, of any way in which she would rather meet it. Was it possible that she loved him, and must needs be brought within the valley of the shadow before she could know her heart? Had she loved him all along? While she was thinking about it, chilled by the night air, she felt asleep. When she awoke the stars were shining, but she was warm and comfortable. Raising her head, she found herself enveloped in Fred's coat.

"Fred?"

"Well?"

"You have robbed yourself to keep me warm. You are freezing."

"No I ain't. I took it off because it was so awful hot," and taking out his handkerchief with his disengaged hand, he made a pretense of wiping the perspiration from his brow.

"How long have I been asleep?"

"About three hours. We are drifting in shore now."

"Shall we be saved?"

"I don't know. Put your arms around my neck, for I am going to take mine away."

Becky did this time as she was bid. She not only threw her arms quickly around his neck, but laid her head upon his breast without the slightest hesitation. In the darkness Fred did not know that she imprinted a kiss upon his shirt bosom.

"Hold fast, now!" he cried. Hold on for your dear life!"

The log had been gradually nearing the shore for some time, and it now stood suddenly under the boughs of a large cypress, whose overhanging branches and trailed in the brown flood. Quick as thought Fred seized the limb above his head, and pulled with all his might. The headlong course of the cottonwood was checked; it plunged heavily and turned partly over, its top became entangled in the cypress and a terrible crackling of limbs ensued. With a sudden spring he gained the projecting branch, dragging his clinging burden after him. In another instant the cotton wood had broken away and continued on its voyage down the river, while the bent cypress regained its shape with such a quick rebound that the travellers were nearly repelled into the stream again. Fred half supporting, half dragging Becky, worked his way to the trunk by a series of gymnastic that would have done no discredit to Blondin, and in a moment more both had reached the ground in safety.

"That's a business we are well out of," he said, when he had regained his breath. "Now, where are we?"

He looked about. A light was glimmering from a habitation behind them, a short distance from where they stood. Becky could not walk without great pain and Fred limped her lightly in his arms and started for the house. It proved to be the dwelling house of a small planter, who was not lacking in hospitality. Here their wants were quickly attended to, and under the cheering influence of warmth and shelter, Becky was soon herself again.

They drove home on the following day, Fred having procured the loan of the planter's horse and chaise for that purpose, promising to return them by Mr. Newton's servants the next day after. The morning was bright and clear, and the fragrance of the orange groves was in the air. Becky, who had maintained almost utter silence since their escape from the cottonwood, was now no less silent now. Fred himself did not appear particularly long ride was taken without a remark from either. It was Becky who spoke first.

"Fred," she said.

"Yes."

"You have saved my life, have you not?"

"Happy to do it any day," he remarked, not knowing exactly what else to say.

"Thank you very much."

"Quite welcome, I'm sure."

There was another long silence, broken only by the sound of the horse's hoofs on the road. Fred himself seemed to have lost some of his habitual ease, for he kept his whip in constant motion, and he held the reins nervously.

"Fred?"

"Are you going to write to that young lady in New Orleans?"

"I suppose so."

"Hadin't you better—try—again—before you—before you write?"

He turned his eyes full upon her, and opened them wide.

"Try again? Try what?"

"I've been thinking through the night," said Becky, bending low to hide her face and carefully separating the fringe of her mantilla, "that perhaps—if you asked me again the same question—that you did yesterday morning—I might answer a little differently."

Becky's head went against Fred's shoulder and her face became immediately lost to view.

"You darling!" he exclaimed. "I never intended to do otherwise. The young lady in New Orleans was wholly a myth. But when, may I ask, did you change your mind?"

"I never changed it, she murmured. 'I have loved you all the time, but I never knew it until last night.'

"And to this day, when Mrs. Becky Eckerston is asked where it was that she fell in love with her husband, she answers, 'on a log!'"

THE WAGERS.
Some years ago, I took my seat in the diligence from Marseilles to F—, the railway that now connects these cities, was not then completed.

There were five passengers in all. Of these one was a short, fat man, with smooth cheeks and a red face. Though plainly dressed, his clothes were very good. He had a great number of rings on his fingers, and across his waistcoat he wore a thick gold chain, which he was careful to let me see was attached to a handsome watch on the back of which was a crest of jewels.

There was no doubt that he was a rich man, and that I, at all events, might have no doubt of it, he informed me that his income exceeded fifty thousand francs a year, and that he had fair to double it before five years were gone, so prosperous was his business.

I was partly amused and partly disgusted by his loquacity. Why he should have made a confidant of me in particular I don't know, unless it was because I happened to sit next him. Among other bits of information he gave me to know, that this was the first holiday he had indulged himself with for the space of three years.

"Where do you get out?" I asked.

"At F—," said he.

"But why do you go so far from Marseilles for a holiday?"

"Monsieur," he answered, "I am going to get married."

"The deuce," I exclaimed, laughing; "and do you call that taking a holiday?"

"Why," he said, "that would depend. If I were going to marry an ugly woman, no, I should call this tour by another name. But my friend, the lady I am engaged to is an angel. She might have sat for one of Mahomet's houris. Her eyes—"

Here he went off into a long account of his mistress's perfections, decorating his fluent description with all manner of shrugs, grimaces and gesticulations.

"You are a very fortunate man, sir, and I wish you joy," I said.

"Yes, and you may wish the lady, too, and congratulate her as well, for, give me leave to say, it is not every woman who unites to the splendors of wealth the accomplishments of genius and the graces of courage."

I smothered a laugh.

"So you have genius and courage as well as money?"

He nodded vehemently.

"Without boasting," said he, "I think I may pride myself on being possessed of all the qualifications that recommend a man to the ladies."

"So long as they recommend you to the lady of your choice, you should be satisfied."

"They should be sufficient," he replied; "and in my own opinion I

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Poetry.

THE OLD BARN.

Rickety, old and decayed.

Shingled, leaning some doors,

But in the upper story,

Wanting boards on the floor;

Collected over the rafters,

Highway notes and gray,

Hanging in helpless impotence

Over the mow of hay.

O, how I loved the shadow

That clung to the eaves' roof,

Day dreams were with the quiet—

Many a glittering word,

I climbed to the highest rostrum,

Watched the swallows at play,

Admired the knots in the boarding,

Roiled in billows of hay.

Roughly the winds tore around it,

Winds of a stormy day—

Scattering the fragrant hay seed,

Whirling the straw away,

Streaming in at the eaves,

Spreading the clover seed,

Changing the dark old granary

Into a flower field.

Selected.

A SETTLER'S REVENGE.

I was not always the low, drunken ruf-

fian you now see me. My father, a re-

retired officer in the army, although not

rich, was sufficiently well off, and gave

me a first rate education, sending me

from Rugby to Oxford. After I left Ox-

ford, I lived with my father for rather

more than a year, and formed an attach-

ment to one of our neighbor's daughters.

Not being in a position to marry, it was

agreed that I should emigrate to Australia,

in the hope of pushing my way, and

that, if I was successful, Annie would

follow as my wife and have a home to

offer her. So my father generously gave me

a thousand pounds to start with, and full

of hopes and happy visions for the fu-

ture, I left England. With my capital,

which in those days was a small fortune

to a steady, persevering man—I soon

had a snug station, and two years after-

ward wrote for Annie to come out to

me.

For the next five years, my life was

one constant stream of happiness, ever

dawning on evenly and smoothly. One

little girl we had, the light and sunshine

of our home—a little bright-eyed fairy,

with long fair curls falling in a golden

shower round her sweet, innocent child-

ish face, and with all the dear little coax-

ing, winning ways of a darling child. Oh

how I love to recall her musical laugh,

her sweet little laughing voice, and in fancy

to hear again the patter of her happy,

clipping feet.

My wife—my second self—more dear

to me than all the world! How can I

tell how much I loved her. Often during

the long nights I sat, as in days of

yore, hand in hand, communing with her

in the spirit. But enough of this. Let

me tell you how you see me the low pol-

ished wretch I now am.

Our sheep and cattle had increased so

much, that it was necessary to find more

room for them, and I therefore "took

up" a considerable tract further inland,

and as I required to be there much my-

self, we thought it best to make our home

there. Accordingly I got a comfortable

house run up, and soon afterwards re-

moved to our new home. Our new sta-

tion was rather out of the way, our near-

est neighbor being fourteen miles from

us; but with plenty of occupation during

MILITARY HISTORY OF WOBURN.

WOBURN NATIONAL RANGERS

CHAPTER XIX

Fall Campaign to Mine Run

We were soon under way and took up our line of march through Thoroughfare Gap, passing through what was once the village of New Market, but at that time one mass of ruins, parts of brick walls, and an occasional chimney here and there remaining, and a tedious and fatiguing march it proved to be. The darkness was intense, and the road very narrow and steep, added to which the late rains had made it very muddy and slippery, and the progress of the column was very slow, so that five hours was consumed in marching that number of miles. "N. Thoroughfare," and "Unseal to Travel," would have seemed more appropriate, as we tumbled and rolled and slipped along through that dark ravine, hardly possible for men, much less so for the artillery or trains to pass through, but we finally managed to bring up sound in body, but decidedly demoralized in spirit, on the other side.

It had been expected that Lee would have possession of the Gap, but he was far away on the retreat, and had no use for it then, though the night before it was held by a large force of rebels. As we trudged along to our allotted bivouac ground, the line of camp fires ahead, showing that it could not be far off, the night was alive with the shouts of the men, seeking for their respective brigades or regiments, for every one seemed to go "on his own hook," and the continual crack, crack of the rifle, betokened good foraging ahead, if the hideous squeals of multitudes of porkers did not. But as usual, it was our luck to be too late, and we wrapped ourselves up in our blankets, tired, cross and hungry, with no prospects for breakfast in the morning. It was late when we turned out the next morning, and the view which met our gaze was one never to be forgotten, and it seemed as if we had reached the promised land itself. Though the country was very broken and hilly, it only added to the picturesque of the scene—the easy farmhouses and green fields making a pleasant contrast to the deep, dark woods in the background, clothed in autumn's richest garb. Every one seemed impressed by its beauty, the clear, bracing air, and beautiful sunlight bringing into view every object, and showed that Nature did nothing by halves in that portion of Virginia, and it seemed hardly possible that the inhabitants could be anything but liberty-loving and loyal, with such surroundings, but the reverse was the fact, they being of the most bitter secession type.

But views of scenery however grand and beautiful will not feed a hungry man, and our reflections were soon turned that way. But some of the boys having been so fortunate as to come across an old barn or two in which they found more or less quantities of meal and flour, they issued it out to their comrades, so that we managed to break our fast by disposing of our meal and water, making what is known at home as "dough dish." We were soon ordered into line and moved to the top of one of the many little hills, where we were ordered to lay our camp. Our tents pitched, the next move was to explore the country over, and see what was good therein; but as a general thing, the boys failed to find much luck, for either from being too late, or from extra precautions on the part of the owners, there was not much stock laying around loose.

Rations were the principal subject of debate, and as all the trains were on the side of the Gap, and we knew the difficulties to be encountered in passing through, we resigned ourselves to our empty stomachs until they came. Sleep, they say, is a great panacea for hunger, and in no case more true, for all hands turned in early to dream of feasts and banquets, not to be realized, it is needless to say, our simple repast of meal and water, being of an account, and we were just as hungry as ever.

The next morning, Thursday, gave promise of another beautiful day, and we began to discuss the "ways and means" of passing the day. Our anticipations for a good day's foraging was summarily dispelled, as upon attempting to leave camp, we found that we might as well have been behind the stone walls of a prison. Orders were issued against foraging, and strict measures taken to enforce them. Not satisfied with the efficacy of one line of guards around the Brigade, three lines were established with the strictest of orders to allow no one to pass. No one was allowed to go for water, which was some distance beyond the lines, without a pass and accompanied by a sergeant, and there was formed still another line of guards and patrol. This order and the measures taken to enforce it, was arbitrary in the extreme, as the men were entirely out of rations, and the whole country was full of good foraging, if time and opportunity was given to find it, and it is needless to say that it would be found. Excessions loud and deep, were freely uttered upon the "powers that be," for the inhuman and uncalculated orders, as the inhabitants were of the bitter secession type, mostly guerrillas by night and spies by day, and the men were absolutely in great need of food, the scarcity of clothing making it all the more necessary that food should be had for the sake of health. The day wore away in the listless, lifeless manner, being broken only by the fierce denunciations of the above orders, when word came that rations were coming. Every one was imbued with new life with the prospect of a good square meal before them, and sure enough, the white tops of the wagons could be seen struggling and tumbling through the Gap, though a long time it seemed to us in reaching our brigade. Three days' rations were at once issued, but it would be safe to say that very few had more than a day's supply left after supper, for having fasted nearly two days, their appetites were of the keenest description.

(To be continued)

It had been expected that Lee would have possession of the Gap, but he was far away on the retreat, and had no use for it then, though the night before it was held by a large force of rebels. As we trudged along to our allotted bivouac ground, the line of camp fires ahead, showing that it could not be far off, the night was alive with the shouts of the men, seeking for their respective brigades or regiments, for every one seemed to go "on his own hook," and the continual crack, crack of the rifle, betokened good foraging ahead, if the hideous squeals of multitudes of porkers did not. But as usual, it was our luck to be too late, and we wrapped ourselves up in our blankets, tired, cross and hungry, with no prospects for breakfast in the morning. It was late when we turned out the next morning, and the view which met our gaze was one never to be forgotten, and it seemed as if we had reached the promised land itself. Though the country was very broken and hilly, it only added to the picturesque of the scene—the easy farmhouses and green fields making a pleasant contrast to the deep, dark woods in the background, clothed in autumn's richest garb. Every one seemed impressed by its beauty, the clear, bracing air, and beautiful sunlight bringing into view every object, and showed that Nature did nothing by halves in that portion of Virginia, and it seemed hardly possible that the inhabitants could be anything but liberty-loving and loyal, with such surroundings, but the reverse was the fact, they being of the most bitter secession type.

But views of scenery however grand and beautiful will not feed a hungry man, and our reflections were soon turned that way. But some of the boys having been so fortunate as to come across an old barn or two in which they found more or less quantities of meal and flour, they issued it out to their comrades, so that we managed to break our fast by disposing of our meal and water, making what is known at home as "dough dish." We were soon ordered into line and moved to the top of one of the many little hills, where we were ordered to lay our camp. Our tents pitched, the next move was to explore the country over, and see what was good therein; but as a general thing, the boys failed to find much luck, for either from being too late, or from extra precautions on the part of the owners, there was not much stock laying around loose.

Rations were the principal subject of debate, and as all the trains were on the side of the Gap, and we knew the difficulties to be encountered in passing through, we resigned ourselves to our empty stomachs until they came. Sleep, they say, is a great panacea for hunger, and in no case more true, for all hands turned in early to dream of feasts and banquets, not to be realized, it is needless to say, our simple repast of meal and water, being of an account, and we were just as hungry as ever.

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THAT TRUNK.—Ladies travelling through Canada by rail are often greatly annoyed by having their luggage unnecessarily searched, but one of the officials recently got his deserts. It happened that a Yankee school teacher on her way from Kansas to Vermont passed through the Dominion, with a trunk packed to bursting with nothing but contraband. When the officer demanded her key she begged him not to open it, assuring him it had come through from Kansas, contained simply clothes and books, and was so full that it would be very troublesome to repack it. But he sternly demanded the key, and maliciously pulled everything out to the very bottom; then—finding her assertions true—he returned the key, and advised her to "bury up and get the trunk back, as the train would soon move."

A PICKPOCKET'S DISCOMFORT.—A woman who was riding in a Broadway omnibus, not long since, became aware that the "gentleman" on her right was feeling for her pocket under her cloak. For a moment a cold shiver passed over her, but, as it was broad daylight, and as there were evidently many persons in the omnibus to whom she might apply for protection, she took courage, and recollecting that in the dress she wore, her pocket held much for her previous annoyance, been sealed to still and await the course of events. After having been sufficiently entertained by the vain efforts of her neighbor to find the pocket, she turned to him and said, quietly, "my pocket is on the other side, sir." The man immediately jumped up, pulled the strap and disappeared with most amazing rapidity, the coolness of the lady having been rather too much for his artistic nerves.

UNFORTUNATE BELLEGRACY.—The following story is well vouched for: About the time of Halloween, the mischievous boys in the city of Brooklyn, run violently at the door bells, and then run away. A certain old lady about here was greatly annoyed by these beligerent attacks, and determined to watch for the offender. She stationed herself just inside the door, and with such surroundings, but the reverse was the fact, they being of the most bitter secession type.

THE IDLER.—The idle man is an annoyance—a nuisance. He is of no benefit to anybody. He is an intruder in the busy thoroughfare of every-day life. He stands in our path and we push him contemptuously aside. He is of no advantage to anybody. He annoys busy men. He makes them unhappy. He is sought in society. He may have an income sufficient to support him in idleness, or he may "sponge" on his good-natured friends. But in either case he is despised.

GENTLENESS IS GREATNESS.—Gentleness is the most reliable. A man that is addicted to lying, to flattery, and to flattery, will never honor truth and duty by an allegiance based on principle and adorned by true nobleness of spirit. Such an unsubstantial character can no more be made to assume the aspect of real politeness, than a sponge or a fungus of any sort, can be polished like a diamond or gold. Lead may be heavy enough for many useful purposes, but it is too unsubstantial and worthless to be coined into currency of a nation. True gentleness is always sympathetic and generous.

A young lawyer in Troy who thought reporting was "just as easy," was allowed to try his hand on a court report one day, and proved his ability during "Court opened at 2 P. M. by Chief Justice, in proclamation in his usual happy style. Order of reference granted on application of Irving Hayne. District Attorney said something to Judge, I did not hear what. Green and Wooster held a long consultation—did not amount to much. Wooster said he was sure of one thing—he did not say what."

—Doubt anyone's good sense who speaks scornfully of newspapers. There is much in them that is trifling, and perhaps demoralizing; but in the best of them, how much that is wise and noble!

—Old and New.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

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SUFFER WITH PAIN

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And dealer in TRUNKS, VALISES, TRAVELING BAGS, WHIPS, BLANKETS,

ALSO, CARTRIDGE TRIMMING,

FINEST HARNESS BELTING, the best stock,

At the lowest prices. REPAIRING DONE

AT SHORTEST NOTICE.

215 Main St., opp. Central House, Woburn.

American SMALL-POX PREVENTIVE.

Vaccination from pure animal virus, price \$1.00

DR. G. H. HUTCHINGS,

270 Main St., Woburn.

JAMES BUEL & CO., MACHINISTS,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Steam Engines,

Bile rs Saafing, Pulleys Mill Gears

And all kinds of Machine Work.

129 Main street, Woburn.

Steam and Gas Piping done at short notice, and in the most satisfactory manner.

Also kept constantly on hand a large assortment of

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Middlesex County Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1873.

The figures printed with the subscription name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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PHALANX.—A new movement is on foot for the benefit of this time-honored corps. At present the militia is in a transition state, the old law about passing away, and the new one not yet enacted. It is not probable, however, that the maximum of effective troops will be increased. Assuming it, for example, to be sixty men to a company, it is proposed to fill the company to a hundred, with men who are willing to procure uniforms and turn out on company parades and be a reserve force from which the ranks at muster and on regimental occasions may always be full to the maximum number. Several past commanders are in the ranks and propose to do duty as privates, and by their example and precept sustain the morale of the company. A military gentleman of ripe experience, and in former years identified with the command will be invited to the first office, and it is believed that the Phalanx will again take high rank among the military organizations of the State. Since the war it has seemed desirable to foster the regimental rather than the company organizations, and we confess to a feeling in favor of that plan. But the difficulties in the way, except in Lowell, are almost insurmountable, and the return to the militia as it was before the war seems inevitable. If the various companies would adopt a plan like that proposed by the Phalanx, the ranks of all the regiments would be full at all times, and ready for any emergency that might arise. The proposition is eminently practical, the details are in the hands of energetic men, whose souls are in the work, and they will not fail. Let old members of the corps and all who favor the citizen militia lend their aid by voice or name, and the title of Woburn Phalanx will mean what it did in '54 and '5.

POSTAL CARDS.—The first postal card directed to this office arrived on Tuesday, announcing a visit of Brother Hastings, the genial Horace of the Lynn Reporter. The expectations raised by the card were duly realized, and we had a delightful visit from Mr. Hastings and his pleasant family. The time was, when it was thought Horace could not be spared from Woburn, but now he is as indispensable to Lynn as leather and shoe findings. The Reporter, which is one of the best papers in the country, gives evidence of his genius in its local department. We understand that Mr. Cox, one of the editors is about to repeat his European journey, and the Reporter will be enriched by foreign letters from "our own" correspondents.

BASE BALL.—On Saturday last, the Woburn High School Nine played a game with the Unknowns, a nine picked from Woburn and the neighboring towns. The following is a summary:

W. H. S.	UNKNOWN.
Batter, 1b,	2b,
2b,	3b,
3b,	4b,
4b,	5b,
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6b,	7b,
7b,	8b,
8b,	9b,
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91b,	92b,
92b,	93b,
93b,	94b,
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96b,	97b,
97b,	98b,
98b,	99b,
99b,	100b,

SORE THROAT.—To take all the remedies and applications kind friends will offer to one afflicted with this disease, a throat is needed like the Hoosac tunnel, and a neck like an isthmus. From a somewhat rough experience the past week, we find that grin and bear it are the best things to take, in about equal parts, well mixed. You must take the latter, and the more of the former you can get down with it, the better you'll be.

ACCIDENT.—As George Soles was driving towards the town on Monday afternoon, and while near Mr. B. F. Flagg's house, West Side, his horse suddenly ran with the team upon the ridge of earth thrown out of the water pipe trenches, and the tipped George out. The horse trotted home, and was stopped opposite Carter & Dearborn's bakery. Soles was somewhat bruised but no bones were broken.

APPOINTMENTS.—At a meeting of the trustees of the New England Agricultural Society, held Wednesday, the following gentlemen, among others, were appointed members of the committee to award premiums at the next fair of the society: Mr. J. R. Kendall of Woburn, on Ayshire stock, James Shedd, Burlington, on Hereford stock, James S. Munroe, Lexington, on stallions.

JUST RIGHT.—The other day while we with many others were enjoying the wonders of the Great Moral Show, a woman pushed her way through the crowd that was watching the antics of the "What is it?" and to the attendant, "What is it?" He replied promptly, "That's what it is. You've guessed it. It's the 'What is it?'"

Be sure and read the programme for Decoration day exercises.

FAIR.—Read the announcement of the Episcopal Fair in another column.

The roof of Bank Block is being repaired, to prevent its leaking.

This is the season for greens and grapes.

Next Friday is Decoration Day.

WALNUT STREET HEARING.—The Road Commissioners met in the Selectmen's Room, Tuesday evening, at 7:30 o'clock to listen to abutters on Walnut street, in regard to the proposed straightening of the street. A plan of the street as it now is with the abutting estates, and the line of the proposed street was presented and explained by J. R. Carter, C. E. This new line throws about 13 feet upon T. J. Pierce, and leaves the church society only 75 feet front. The present street is 25 feet wide, and the proposed one is 40 feet. The church society was represented by Rev. W. J. Hambleton and Mr. Burke. They said that the street as drawn would entirely frustrate their plans. It was their intention to erect a building with a Main street frontage of 80 feet. This would contain four stories running back 50 feet. At the rear of these stories and at a right angle with them, would be the vestry or chapel facing on Walnut street. A driveway of only about 10 feet would then be left between the building and the parsonage. Over the chapel and stores was to be the auditorium of the church. But if the street entrance was to be located as proposed, this building could not be placed upon the lot as there would not be room. They thought if the entrance to the new street could be located so as to give them 85 feet front, they could still proceed as proposed.

Mr. J. N. Page an abutter, spoke for himself and the Misses Johnson. The change would throw more land upon their estates than they wanted. In his own case it would diminish his frontage, and lessen his chances for building.

Andrew McHugh did not want any more land. He thought the owners of property there did not desire to have their burdens increased, as most of them had not yet paid for his houses.

At this point the Commissioners stated that the change asked for by the Methodist society, giving them 10 feet more in front, would run the line of the road through Mr. D. D. Hart's house, and as there was no one to appear for Mr. Hart, and he was more interested than any other one abutter, it would be better to adjourn the hearing until his return. In order, therefore, to accommodate all parties, the hearing was continued until Monday evening, June second.

North Woburn.—This organization is still here, and will be heard from on Decoration Day, the 30th inst., upon which occasion they will appear in their new and tasty uniform. This consists of dark pants and dark blue coat, both of which garments are trimmed very handsomely with gold lace. F. R. head gear they wear a French cadet cap surmounted by a white plume. Upon the front of the cap is a shield bearing a silver lyre. The players number 27, and the organization about 50 members.

Row.—There was a benefit performance at Peter O'Brien's on Tuesday afternoon. It appears that the younger boy, having procured some cider, imbibed rather more than was good for him, producing irritability. While he and his mother were arguing some interesting subject an older brother intervened on the scene and immediately took a hand in the game. He had been drinking according to appearance. When this trio were in the midst of a dispute, Officer Foster appeared and ordered them to cease quarrelling. At this, the older brother threatened to knock the stuffing out of Foster. Affairs waxed warmer until the two boys made for the other, one armed with a club and the other with a pitchfork. The officer called upon Mr. N. Jenkins, who was within call, for assistance. Mr. J. passed the officer his revolver, upon seeing which, the attacking party took to their heels.

PROGRESSING.—The trenchers have passed the horse car station in their work, and the pipe layers are at Ward street.

RUNAWAY.—While Frank Newcomb was removing part of the load from E. Prior's grocery team at the house of Mr. Jonas Barrett, on Railroad street, on Saturday last, the horse attached to the wagon took to his heels towards a little more of the country and off he started. He urged into Eastern Avenue, and from there ran over the bank into Mr. Waldo Hill's yard, where horse and wagon were piled up unceremoniously. Railroad street and Eastern Avenue were good places to select vegetables from.

Half-shelf papers like the Ashland Handbill bear the same relation to legitimate journalism that the mule does to its fullbred progenitors. Mayhew has taken an epigram of ours and printed it as his own, admits he stole it but says he didn't steal it from us. He is like his prototype, unable to originate.

PARSONAGE.—The M. E. parsonage which was near completion when the fire occurred and was badly damaged, is to be rebuilt. Such portions of it as are in fact, will be kept, and we understand that most of the standing part can be thus used.

PATCHWORK.—The dog owned by Fred Harbison emulated the example of Sam Patch a few days since, by jumping from the highest window in the front of the hotel. He landed upon the roof of the piazza and escaped with no injury.

FLAG STAFF.—Workmen were busy Tuesday, repairing the flag staff. The top of the topmast was found to be decayed. About a foot of it was cut off, a new pulley put in for the halyards, and then the whole piece was repainted.

MAY TRAINING.—The Phalanx will indulge in a street drill and inspection on Wednesday, May 28th, in obedience to General Order No. 5 from Regimental Headquarters.

WELCOME.—The presence of the sprinkler in our streets during the week has been a pleasant sight. Nothing has contributed so much to our comfort.

REAL ESTATE.—Mr. Joseph Kelley has not sold the balance of his last estate set to James Nelson.

SILVER.—The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Garland, celebrated their 25th anniversary last Friday.

CONFERENCES.—The Committee of the Board of Selectmen and the Chief Engineer of the Fire Department met on Monday for the purpose of consultation on the locating of engine houses at Cummingsville and North Woburn. In regard to the former, it was determined to lease the land upon which the house now stands for an indefinite term of years, and to raise the house 2 feet and move it back 8 feet. In North Woburn the question of location is still open, as no bargain for the land has as yet been made.

The subject of station houses in the outlying villages was also considered. In Cummingsville and East Woburn an addition will be built to the rear of the engine houses immediately, and the same course will be pursued at North Woburn when the location is decided upon.

The School Committee and Selectmen held a conference the same day. Hon. J. G. Pollard was added to the building Committee for the new house at East Woburn. The committee now consists of Messrs. Sanson, Twiney and Pollard. The matter of the Cedar street house was referred to the school committee, for them to take such measures as they think proper.

POLICE COURT.—May 17th, Thomas Easton of Winchester, assault on Susan F. Wiley, \$15 and costs, \$200 bonds to keep the peace 6 months.—19th, Ruel W. Hanson of Winchester, assault on Austin H. Eaton, \$5 and costs; John Welsh, assault on Edward Lynch, \$3 and costs; Edward Dooley drunk, \$5 and costs; John Ferrin, illegal keeping of intoxicating liquors, with intent to sell (second offence) \$10 and costs, \$200 recognizance with two sureties, 20 days House of Correction, and 30 days more if fines are not paid.—appealed, William Callahan, same charge, first offence, \$10 and costs, \$1000 recognizance, 21st, Charles Hornor assault, \$5 and costs, 23d, Patrick Doherty, assault upon Thomas Ryan, \$5 and costs, Thomas Ryan, drunk, \$3 and costs, Ellen Ryan drunk, second offence, 2 months House of Correction, John Holloran, drunk, \$3 and costs.

Cummingsville.

MIXED UP.—Quite an uncertainty seemed to exist in the mind of Thomas Ryan as to his acts last Saturday evening. It seems he went into the house of Patrick Doherty, where a few choice spirits were gathered together. Whether he got any liquor there or not he "couldn't say to the best of his knowledge." He had a black eye, but how he got it he "couldn't say to the best of his knowledge;" but the neighbors heard the disturbance and heard the blows, and that and similar testimony, together with Ryan's frescoed eye, seemed to say that someone had touched him lightly. For Doherty's sentence see Court record.

CAVALCADE.

The Grant & Wilson cavalry which paraded last Fall were disappointed in their final parade owing to the then prevalent horse disease. Some of the members have expressed a desire to parade on Memorial Day, and it is proposed to meet this Saturday evening at 8 o'clock in the office of L. W. Osgood, Esq., to perfect the arrangement. Let there be a full attendance of the old members and any others who would like to turn out on that day.

MEMORIAL CONCERT.—Previous to the lecture Sunday evening last at the Unitarian church, Rev. W. S. Barnes announced that on the evening of the 25th inst., a Sabbath school concert would be held in the church, and that all the recitations, music and the address would especially refer to the Soldier's Memorial. As one evidence of the remembrance in which the occasion is held, we would state that more aid has been proffered than can be accepted.

SABBATH MEMORIAL SERVICES.—In accordance with a request from the G. A. R. that some notice should be taken by the churches of Decoration Day, we make the following announcement: Unitarian, Memorial sermon, 7:30 P. M.; Methodist, Lyceum Hall, Memorial sermon, 2:30 P. M.; Orthodox, Memorial sermon 7:30 P. M.

RETURNED.—When one of the gymnasts who appeared with the Woburn Variety Co., left town, he took a set of iron guys which support the horizontal bar, to remember the occasion by. Bro. Swan sent his compliments to this taking youth via John E. Todd of the State Constabulary. John left his card at his residence, and the guys were returned.

CANINE.—Although the law calls for the payment of the tax previous to May 1st, yet we find that about one hundred owners have not yet complied with the provisions of the act. The number licensed is 271. In a few days the Assessors will make a return to the Town Clerk and then, look out.

AIDS.—Col. L. W. Osgood, Chief Marshal of the Memorial Day procession has appointed as his aids for that occasion, the following gentlemen:—John L. Parker, James Walker, A. S. Lewis, G. H. Ayer, G. W. Wolcott, N. J. Simmons, G. F. Jones, F. H. Pollard.

Hose Co.—At a meeting Tuesday night, the members of Hose Co. No. 1 voted that the new carriage should be named "Parham Hose No. 1." The present carriage will be decorated by the painter, and the name left to the new company which is to be formed.

The flag staff on the Common was evidently erected for the benefit of out-of-town auctioneers and traders who do their own bill-posting. Our regular bill posters respect it. Where is the Superintendent?

JURORS.—Messrs. L. G. Richardson and Geo. E. Fowle have been drawn to serve as Traverse Jurors for the June term of the Superior Court.

Dodge's new gas burners attract attention, and during the evening show the public the way to his soda fountain with its refreshing drink.

The wide and well merited popularity of Old Dr. Chamberlain's Bitters is causing all dealers to select from an immense stock of the same, and its sale is increasing.

BUILDING.—Mr. Geo. W. Kimball is to build for Mr. O. Green a 2 story building on Railroad street old land of Mrs. Ruth Leathe. The building is to be 35x25 feet, and will be ready for occupancy July 1st. Mr. Ellis & Co., are in charge of the excavating.

Mr. G. F. Harbison, engineer, has perfected plans for a house and barn for R. P. Crosby. The buildings will be located on the north side of Pleasant street. The house is to be 32x28 feet and the barn 28x42 feet.

Mr. D. H. Richards house on Salem street 28x36, is fast approaching completion under the Superintendence of Mr. Corbett.

Mr. H. Hatch is building a dwelling house upon land of Dr. Seales, the dimensions of which are 42x10. It is for Dr. H. E. Smith.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—On petition of H. A. Gleason et al. the Board on Monday evening the drain leading from the junction of Johnson and Main streets, through to Centre and Park streets, with a view to adopting some action to abate the nuisance there existing.

On Saturday night last a horse was buried on the land of J. H. Connolly. Broad street, and a petition of Elbridge Trull et al., these premises were viewed by the Board and an order passed to have the body removed.

J. M. Bailey, the "Danbury News man," has succumbed to the inevitable, and has determined to write a book, Shepard & Gill of Boston will publish it very soon, under the title of Life in Danbury. It will contain the best of the humorous articles furnished to the News during the last three years, and much fresh matter.

THE CHEAP TRAINS.—The cheap train movement, on the Saugus Branch Railroad, has proved an unquestioned success. Travel on these trains having increased in a much greater ratio than was anticipated by the officials on the road, or the most sanguine friends of the enterprise. The number of passengers carried between Lynn and Boston during the six days ending May 10 was as follows:—Monday 823; Tuesday, 875; Wednesday, 786; Thursday 793; Friday, 688; Saturday, 741; total 4513. This is an increase of 1550 over the corresponding period in April. The largest number carried on any one train was 467; smallest, 296; average per day, 752. Six cars are now required to accommodate those who avail themselves of this excellent arrangement, and it is understood that the officials intend to put on still another.—LYNN REPORTER.

Letter From Martha's Vineyard.

VINEYARD HAVEN, May 21, 1873.
Dear Journal:—An opportunity having been afforded for a few moments of leisure, we thought they could not be better employed than by writing about the place where we have spent a short week of recreation. We took the 6 o'clock train from Woburn for the city, and, after the usual amount of jolting, Lowell road, arrived in good season and started across the city for the Old Colony depot. We were soon on board the train bound for Wood's Hole, which is the end of the new branch on the Old Colony road. From Wood's Hole we took the steamer for Tisbury, or what is more familiarly known as Vineyard Haven.

The steamer, "River Queen," on which we crossed the sound, is a boat lately purchased by the New Bedford Steamboat Company, newly fitted up in New York. It was formerly used by President Lincoln as his private boat, and after wards by General Grant. Some of the furniture remains the same as when used by these two last named.

The town of Vineyard Haven is very prettily situated at the head of the harbor, at the base of several beautiful green hills. It comprises about 2500 inhabitants, and contains quite a number of stores, besides one or two shoe manufacturing. There are several very nice residences in the town, although a great many of the oldest houses are whitewashed instead of being painted. There are three churches in the place, in but two of which are services held. Farming is carried on to a considerable extent, and also the herring fishery. It is very quiet here at the present season, the only thing of interest being the coming and going of the steamers that carry the passengers and mails.

On Thursday, we drove over to the Camp Meeting Ground, which has become to show considerable signs of life. New cottages are rapidly being built, while others are receiving fresh coats of paint to render them even more attractive and neat. The large hotels will soon be thrown open to visitors, and every inducement offered to render the place attractive as a fashionable seaside resort. The largest hotel, "Sea View House," is situated on a high bluff overlooking the ocean, and in summer a beautiful view of the sea is obtained from its windows. For the accommodation of the visitors, spacious piazzas and walks are built around it, one of which extends along the bluff for the distance of three quarters of a mile. It is flanked by a concrete driveway, both of which in the summer evenings are thronged with people from the Camp Grove.

This plank walk runs through a saloon, built in the form of a Chinese house, where refreshments in the shape of ices, pastry and soda water are served at all hours in the day to the busy throng.

There is a wharf at the large hotel, at which the steamers land passengers for the bluffs. In summer a band of music is stationed on a high piazza built from the hotel over the entrance of the wharf, and its music adds much to the enjoyment of the place. This hotel accommodates about 500 people, and is fitted up with everything necessary for the comfort and convenience of the guests. It is supplied with gas from a small gas works built by the company that owns the hotel. At present workmen are employed in concreting the driveways, avenues and walks around in the Grove.

Very few of the cottages are as yet occupied, those that are not, being tightly boarded up. Some of them are quite fanciful in design, and those along the bluffs command a very fine view of the sea. In some places mere frames are set up, and in summer these are covered with canvases and occupied by those who

cannot afford to build cottages for themselves. Larger frames around the tabernacle are called society tents, occupied by the different societies during camp meeting week. The tabernacle when covered with canvases resembles a very large circus tent, except that the seats are not raised from the ground. Near the tabernacle is a small chapel, to which the worshippers flee when a severe storm drives them from the tent. A large paper containing eight pages is to be printed on the Camp Grove the coming season, which will tend to increase the importance of the place. The first warm days will see large crowds upon the steamers coming to spend the season at this beautiful seaside resort.

Many of the cottages are furnished very elegantly. In summer potted plants are placed in every nook and corner possible, and even hung upon the limbs of the small trees in the Grove, and when the flowers are in bloom, the scene presented is one of rare elegance and taste. After camp meeting week the young people amuse themselves in many ways, especially at croquet, the stakes for which may be seen all over the Camp Grove wherever it is possible to set out a game. A large number of the visitors leave after camp meeting week, but the greater part of them stay at the grove and keep dropping off a few at a time as the season gets more advanced and winter approaches.

At present three steamers ply between Wood's Hole and the Island, landing at Vineyard Haven, Oak Bluffs and Edgartown, and later, others will be sent from New Bedford.

The roads upon the Island beside those upon the mainland in the vicinity of Boston, are very awkward, narrow and sandy, winding miles through a thick growth of underbrush, and cut in deep, uneven ruts. About \$50,000 has been expended on the road between Edgartown and Oak Bluffs. It is built along the beach, and is travelled more than any other road on the Island. In the summer evenings it is very pleasant to drive along this beach road and look off upon the ocean with its burden of beautiful vessels diving swiftly over the waves. The weather has been quite pleasant, one or two days having been rather showery, which we did not regret in the least, as the dust in the streets is very annoying.

The people upon the Island are very social, entertaining and hospitable, and during our short stay here, we have experienced nothing but kindness at the hands of all those whom we have had occasion to meet, and nothing will ever occur to change our opinion that some of the most pleasant acquaintances were formed during our brief visit at Martha's Vineyard. Yours truly,

E. F. G.

G. A. R.—The following general order has been issued by Gen. Charles Devens, Jr.:
The National Encampment assembled in annual session in the city of New Haven, Conn., on 14th and 15th inst., having honored me with the position of Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, I hereby assume command.

In relieving my distinguished predecessor, Comrade Aubrose E. Burnside, whose voluntary retirement has been reluctantly consented to, I desire to express my sincere respect for the cordial interest he has manifested in behalf of the members of this organization, and of all the soldiers who served in the late war of the rebellion, an interest which is only paralleled by his devotion to his troops, when they were actually in the field. Fully appreciating the honor done to me by my election, it will be my desire to so manage the affairs of the Grand Army of the Republic as to merit some portion of that approbation which he has received in the fullest measure from all its members.

The mission of the Order is to promote Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty, and this can only be carried out successfully by keeping it free from all complications of a political or sectarian character, and absolutely preventing the use of it for any purposes foreign to those for which it was formed. The name of soldier is deservedly a proud one in this country, and it must be our effort in every way so to conduct ourselves as to command the respect, sympathy and support of the entire people.

Comrade Cornelius G. Atwood of Massachusetts is announced Adj. General, vice Comrade Roswell Miller, who is relieved at his own request. In parting with Comrade Miller, I desire to bear testimony to the cheerful, faithful and competent service rendered by him to this department. The other officers of the official staff will remain as heretofore appointed, except as changes may from time to time be announced.

The officers of the personal staff will be announced in future orders.

New Publications.

HARPER'S.—The June number of Harper's magazine opens the forty-seventh volume under most brilliant auspices. The number contains thirty-seven engravings, and all its illustrated articles, with one exception, relate to our own country. A beautifully illustrated article by H. D. Jarvis, on "Chesapeake Bay," gives pen and pencil pictures of the interesting localities about Buzzard's Bay. He shows that the expense of a delightful yachting trip "need be no greater than that of board at ordinary, unfashionable watering places." From Mr. Lossings' pen we have a very interesting paper entitled "The Marquis of Hastings in America," illustrated by fac-similes of pictures of Boston, Bunker Hill and New York a century ago, from the Lord Rawdon collection. Miss Constance F. Woolson contributes a very entertaining paper, excellently illustrated, on the "Wine Islands of Lake Erie." A very characteristic article, giving the details of a tour in the Harz Mountains, is contributed by Henry Blackburn. Charles Nordhoff answers the question, "What shall we do with Scrooge?" by advocating the conversion of Alaska into a penal colony under military rule. Miss Thackeray's "Old Kensington," and "Wilkie Collins's 'New Magdalen,'" are quite read in this number, and two strong short stories are given—"A Song in many keys," by the late Miss Caroline Chesbro, and "Ebb and Flow," by Harriet Prescott Spofford. Charles Reade's serial "A Simpleton," is continued. Miss

H. R. Hudson contributes another excellent poem, "To-morrow." Poems are also given by Bayard Taylor, William C. Richards, and Carl Spencer. \$4.00 a year.

Ask Horton for Harpers.

SCRIBNER'S.—The publishers of this popular and deserving monthly understand the wants of the public and accordingly dish up for them each month a feast, in the shape of readable articles, illustrated finely. In the June number, Langford tells of the wonders and dangers of a trip to the summit of Mount Hayden, a story of western travel, told in an entertaining manner, and illustrated with a series of striking pictures. Louis Bagge lives an interesting account of the "Postal Car Service," while "Cornell University" is well described by J. M. Hart. This institution has been liberally endowed and owes much of its success to the liberality of principles upon which it is planned and administered, and the equality it seeks to establish among the several departments of

Middlesex County Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1873.

The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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S. ANNIVERSARY.—The anniversary of the Baptist Sunday School occurred last Sunday evening. The front of the baptistry was beautifully decorated with flowers, and in the rear of the alcove was suspended a picture of an open Bible with the heavenly dove hovering over it, and the motto, "Have faith in God and his word."

The exercises opened with prayer by Bro. Maxwell. A choir of some sixty children in the gallery then sang "Wake the Song of Joy and Gladness." Mr. C. F. Stackpole, the superintendent, announced that the subject for the evening was, and conducted a Scripture exercise relating to the same, in which readings by the superintendent were interspersed with appropriate songs from the juvenile choir. At the close of the Bible exercise, Mr. David E. Tilton recited an address on the Pulpit and the Ministry in which the duties and privileges of the sacred office were very clearly set forth. After singing "Ever Onward," Mr. Lov- erage, now of Boston, but formerly of the West, gave a stirring address. Mr. C. A. Jones, the secretary then reported the whole membership of the school as 303, being a gain of 28 during the year. The largest attendance was 204, smallest 77, average 167, dis. 3, converted 2, dropped 9, left 5. He then proceeded to address the Superintendent, and referring to that gentleman's unwillingness to accept the trust, paid him a high compliment for energy and Christian zeal, and concluded by presenting him with an elegant Family Bible, a volume on Family worship, and the table on which they rested. Mr. Stackpole was agreeably surprised, and with difficulty found words to thank the friendly donors. After another hymn, the rite of baptism was administered to a member of the school, and the exercises concluded.

DECORATION DAY.—One of the pleasant days of the season was vouchsafed to us for this anniversary and our streets were thronged with people of all ages and classes. It was very generally observed, only a very few places of business being kept open. The display of bunting was not large. A few flags were flying at some half dozen points, at the residences of Messrs. C. K. Conn, J. P. Crane, and A. V. Haynes. At Col. L. W. Good's, the Chief Marshal, on Union street, the colors appropriately draped were flying, while the Col's little daughter was dressed in red, white and blue, with liberty cap, and made a charming appearance as the procession passed. The day was very free from incidents other than those immediately connected with the exercises. One attempted runaway covered all the accidents we believe, while a slight "onpleasantness" between rival admirers of local beauts in front of our office was the only disturbance of the peace. The town may justly feel proud of the manner in which the day was passed. The weather was fine, the attendance large, the address clear, eloquent and ringing, the music excellent, and Memorial Day of 1873 a success.

ANALYSIS OF THE WATER.—The Water Commissioners have had the water which it is proposed to supply to Woburn analyzed, and below we give Dr. Jackson's letter.

BOSTON, May 29, 1873.
To the Woburn Water Commissioners:
Gentlemen:—I have made a chemical analysis of the water you sent me, with the following results:
No. 2. One gallon of the water yields of solid matters in a dry state weighing 4 grains, of which the mineral salts weigh 3.2 grains, and the vegetable matters 0.8 grains. The vegetable matters are those common in all water from the soil, and the mineral salts are:
Chloride of sodium (salt).
Sulphate of soda (glauber salt).
Carbonate of lime } traces.
Carbonate of iron }
It is a very pure water.
No. 3. Water had stood in lead pipe. This water was evaporated to dryness and very carefully searched for lead and not a trace of that metal was found. Respectfully, your obedient servant,
CHARLES T. JACKSON, M. D.
State Assayer.

QUESTIONABLE.—It is the custom for our Police to furnish lodgings in the look-up to such wanderers as apply to them, and to turn them out when the Night Watch goes home, which is about three o'clock in the morning. From three until five or six, when the stores begin to open, the town is entirely unprotected, and at the mercy of such of these strollers as may chance to be seized with a desire to plunder. About fifty of these gentry were accommodated last month, and it speaks better for their honesty than it does for our caution that there were no burglaries. There ought to be no interval between the going off of the night officer and the coming on of the day officer, but a watchman should be on duty until relieved by the day detail. This matter could easily be arranged, and if as at present organized the Police Department cannot cover their services, let us have more officers. It would be far cheaper to pay an extra salary, than to have a heavy burglary.

ROOF CUTTER.—Mr. Benjamin Millet of Woburn has patented and perfected a machine that will save a revolution in the business of boot making. The machine consists of a vertical cutter shaped like the cut side of a boot leg. This works upon a table, on which is a clamp pattern, with adjustable gauges, so that any desired size or shape may be obtained. The leather folded and laid on the table is held in place by a screw, and a dozen or more boots are cut at a single blow of the machine. The mechanical appliances are quite simple, and we see no reason why it should not be adopted by manufacturers of boots.

—The Modocs are extinguished.

ROAD COMMISSIONERS.—On Monday evening there was an adjourned hearing on the Walnut street widening, but as several of the parties who are largely interested were not present, the hearing was still further adjourned to June 9, at 7 P. M. Permission was granted L. W. Perham to inclose a portion of Main street in front of 194 and 196 while building on that spot.

Of old, that all petitioners for new streets or the straightening or widening of others, must present a list of names of the abutters to be affected thereby, together with the petition.
Petitions were received from John Campbell and others for a new street from Bedford street to Rag Rock Avenue, and from F. W. Ellis and others for a sidewalk on Bedford street between Burlington and Willow streets.

"THAT VOICE OF LONG AGO."
I think of that voice when the shades of even lengthen,
When the twilight stars of night,
And with mingling of my spirit strength,
A voice pure and calm and bright.
This charming ballad has decidedly one of the sweetest melodies, with words well wedded to the music. It is destined to become very popular. Written and composed by C. T. Lang, White, Smith & Perry, Publishers, 208 & 300 Washington street.—*Daily Evening Traveller.*
We clip the above from a Boston paper, and heartily endorse its words of commendation. It is not often nowadays that so worthy a piece of music is obtainable, and no one who tries it will regret having learned "That voice of long ago." Copies are for sale in Woburn at Horton's and we again wish our singing friends to secure one.

POLICE COURT.—May 23d, Frank O'Brien, drunk, \$3 and costs and one month in \$100. May 26th, Lawrence Looby, truancy, 2 years Lowell Reform school. John McKenna of Winchester, drunk, \$5 and costs; May 26th, Maria Bradley of Burlington, drunk, \$3 and costs, committed in default of payment; June 3d, James Horner and Michael O'Brien, mutual assault, \$5 and costs each, Sylvester Hamill, drunk, \$3 and costs; Charles H. Calf, common drunk, 3 months House of Correction; James Horner, drunk, \$3 and costs; Mary Dillon, assault and battery, \$5 and costs; June 5th, Wm. Gillespie, drunk, \$5 and costs.

SOCIABLE.—The last sociable of the season was held at the Unitarian vestry, Thursday evening. The audience was large and very enthusiastic in their reception of the different participants. The programme consisted of a farce, "A Pretty Piece of Business," by Misses Champney, Davis and Johnson, Messrs. Jones and Thompson; reading, Willis "Dying Alchemist," by F. E. Wettersell, and music by Messrs. Herkimer and Bean. The interest in these meetings has increased steadily from the first of the season.

WEDDING.—The First Congregational Church was thrown open Thursday evening and a large company assembled to witness the marriage of Mr. James E. Fowle and Miss Ella M. Whitford. The ceremony was performed by Rev. H. S. Kelsey. There were no groomsmen or bridesmaids, the ushers forming part of the wedding party. After the ceremony there was a reception at the residence of Mr. Hiram Whitford on Auburn street. The newly wedded pair left at 10 o'clock for Boston and a brief Eastern tour.

L. S. B. S.—The Ladies' Social Benevolent Society, will hold their next social gathering in the large society room at the Orthodox church, on next Thursday evening, June 12. There will be a sewing meeting in the afternoon at 2 o'clock and tea will be served at half past six. In the evening there will be music, and an original paper read by the ladies. A pleasant time is anticipated and it is hoped there will be a large attendance.

CUT.—John Smith turned up on Thursday morning with a bad knife cut on his nose and another on his lip. He says two men were fighting at Horn Pond Station after the late train came in Wednesday night, and he stepped in to part them. The result was as might be anticipated—instead of parting them they parted him. But then, John would do just as you. You can't teach those Smiths to be selfish.

WATER.—We had a visitation of water men from Boston on Wednesday, who were out examining the head waters of their supply. They were enamored of our water, and were emphatic in their desires to secure a portion of it for Boston, they arguing that if we can pump from six to twelve million gallons daily, and only require half a million, we might as well sell it as not.

CANNIBALISM.—During a fight on Decoration Day, one of the principals seized his opponent by the nose with his teeth and inflicted a severe wound. In speaking of it later, he said he wasn't exactly satisfied. Whether or not because he failed to secure the nose, we do not know.

PORTRAIT.—The Town Clerk, Mr. M. S. Seelye, has in his possession a photograph of a portrait of Isaac Brooks Esq. a native of Woburn, and who in 1793 was Clerk of the town. Afterwards he moved to New Hampshire, where for 25 years he was Register of Deeds of Hillsborough County.

North Woburn.
ACCIDENT.—Last Saturday Mrs. John R. Moulton broke her arm at the shoulder.
A picture gallery is about to be established in the Burned District. It isn't every town that does so much for art.
Driver McKee of the water cart, having sprained his foot, Peter Frazier temporarily drives the town team.
A coal car off the track near Green street, delayed the quarter past one train some ten minutes on Monday.

AN EPISODE.—An attachment on the goods of one of our merchants necessitated the presence of a sheriff's keeper in the store. But the keeper is mortal, and occasionally requires food. To procure sustenance, he quitted his post about 10 o'clock Saturday night. The scouts of the enemy were on the alert, and no sooner had the keeper left than several men and women, relatives of the merchant, entered an adjoining store, and getting through the board partition which separated them, commenced removing the goods. The police, however, got wind of the business, and the sheriff was soon notified. Entering the store, he broke up the family party, and after some hustling secured his goods. When the sheriff entered and struck a light, he found the father of the family asleep on a lounge; it was almost a pity to wake him up. Nobody was hurt, nobody was arrested, and nobody got any goods away from the sheriff.

WRONG.—People persist in getting tired although they sell no beer in Boston. One of these victims of fatigue was passing down Causeway street in the aforesaid city, Wednesday evening of this week, while a freight train was passing up over the marginal freight track. The moment the party caught a glimpse of the train he started, rubbed his eyes, looked again, and then wildly exclaimed: "Great heavens, I thought I was on Causeway street. Blessed if I ain't walking up the Lowell railroad." The disciple of Bacchus was last seen looking for a directory to find Causeway street.

SELECTMEN.—Full board present. Petition from G. W. Oxford and others for a change in street lamps in Highland district, referred to C. K. Conn. Of A. Baneroff and others for street lamps at Green street crossing, referred to Supt. Bradley of Burlington, drunk, \$3 and costs, committed in default of payment; June 3d, James Horner and Michael O'Brien, mutual assault, \$5 and costs each, Sylvester Hamill, drunk, \$3 and costs; Charles H. Calf, common drunk, 3 months House of Correction; James Horner, drunk, \$3 and costs; Mary Dillon, assault and battery, \$5 and costs; June 5th, Wm. Gillespie, drunk, \$5 and costs.

DOG BITE.—A vicious dog belonging to W. H. Edmunds has lately been harbored on Bow street, and on Saturday last he attacked Matthew F. Kirk, a pressman in the Journal office, biting him severely in the leg. The dog has also recently bitten John Seaver. Persons who like to own wild beasts should keep them from injuring their neighbors.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—A lad named Noyes, a member of the Grammar School while running from one of his mates at recess, attempted to dodge under the metal rail about the Soldier's monument. He miscalculated its height and struck it with his head, making a very severe scalp wound.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The Board of Health have reiterated the Franklin street drain nuisance to the chairman and clerk with instructions to abate the nuisance at once. The Richardson Brook nuisance at the corner of Fowle and Main streets, referred to Emerson, with instructions to abate immediately.

BASE BALL.—A game of Base Ball was played on Academy Hill on Friday, May 30th, between the Eureka of Wakefield and High School Nine of Woburn, resulting in favor of the High School Nine by a score of 42 to 14.

When a musician can't play first violin and won't play second fiddle, there is nothing left for him but to leave the orchestra. They generally play second, however, and hate the leader, rather than leave.

A gentleman was riding in a buggy on Monday and leading two horses, when a sudden movement of the horses overturned the whole establishment. No harm done, however.

Sign.—The new sign of Boardman's is as prominent as a lighthouse, and directs the traveller to the store where may be had drugs, flowers and plants, and also confectionery and ice cream.

NEWTON.—The Governor on Tuesday signed the bill incorporating the City of Newton.

The Police were instructed by the Town to put down the bars.

Strawberries sold for twenty-five cents a box on Thursday.

Inish Hand.—This organization have a new set of instruments costing \$800.

We have received Lee & Walker's Musical Almanac for 1873.

Thanks to Colegate for a beautiful bouquet on Memorial Day.

EXCHANGES.—The New York Sun gives notice that from and after the first of July next, it will cease to be sent in exchange to any other paper, and will not receive exchanges. For all papers in different parts of the country that they require, they propose to subscribe and pay, just like any other subscriber; and all its friends who desire to have the Sun can procure it upon the same conditions. Its contemporaries will understand that it is not because they fail to appreciate their merits, or desire to interrupt the friendly relations which have so long subsisted between them and most of the press. It is merely the introduction of a new business arrangement, which they are inclined to regard as more simple, convenient and just than the old one.

An exchange remarks that it is one of the peculiarities of the boy, that he finds himself, unable to bathe, except, so to speak, at the top of his lungs. The bathing boy's Paradisean unconsciousness of nudity is also a curious matter of remark.

The Merrimack Journal says a vessel which sailed for Cuba last year with a cargo of molasses cakes, filled one hundred hogheads with fresh water from the river for ballast. Just as she reached her destination, Cardenas suffered from a tidal wave that overflowed the wells with salt water, when the captain found a ready sale for his Merrimack river water at \$2.50 per hoghead. That beats Timothy Dexter's warming pan venture.

Woburn, May 24th, 1873.

For the Middlesex Journal.—As we are now in the midst of the pear bloom, it may interest some of the readers of the Journal to know the date of the pear and apple blossom for the last twenty-three years, my memoranda covering that period. From them I copy as follows:

Year	Pear bloom	Apple do.
1850	May 15	May 24
1851	" 15	" 20
1852	" 15	" 18
1853	" 15	" 15
1854	" 12	" 19
1855	" 14	" 24
1856	" 15	" 25
1857	" 19	" 24
1858	" 19	" 24
1859	" 11	" 22
1860	" 19	" 18
1861	" 15	" 26
1862	" 12	" 21
1863	" 12	" 21
1864	" 15	" 22
1865	" 1	" 12
1866	" 1	" 12
1867	" 12	" 20
1868	" 12	" 20
1869	" 25	" June 4
1870	" 12	" May 19
1871	" 12	" 20
1872	" 12	" 20
1873	" 24	" 26

It will be noticed that the four terms between the earliest and latest bloom embrace a period of 24 days—just 18, from May 1st to the 25th; the most favorable year being that of 1865, and the most backward 1868; the latter exceeding by one day the present tardy season. My observation leads me to perceive that the difference in the seasons is not so great on or about the middle of April, as it is at a later period. Very much depends after the frost has left the ground, upon the frequency of northerly and easterly winds, say from the 15th of April to the middle of May. This year (as well as in 1865) there has been a constant succession of winds from the N. W. to the S. E. Many attribute the lateness of seasons to the snow on the mountains in Maine and New Hampshire. Probably it may affect the atmosphere, and to some extent reduce its temperature when the winds are from those quarters. But the question still remains to be solved. Why do the winds on some years blow so severely from the north and east, when on other years they are interchanged with those from the south?

—Sweet South,
That blithely upon the bank of viols,
Stealing and giving color.

Perhaps even this now perplexing conundrum may be answered by "Old Prob," as he grows wiser through his constant dealings with the secrets of the atmosphere. Then we shall know beforehand when we are to have our early and late seasons, and govern ourselves accordingly. No chance then for growling at a succession of easterly winds, for a e they not put down in the Almanac, and do we not know just what is coming? In such an event, will not "Old Prob," be reckoned among the great benefactors of the race; for he who reduces the amount of snarling and growling about the "miserable weather," should certainly stand as high in the roll of honor, as he who "takes a city," or "findeth a new planet."

Let me add that in giving a date to the flowering season of the pear and apple trees, I have set down the time of general or full bloom, not that of the few earliest specimens of either kind.

P. S. The apple blossoms have followed so close upon those of the pears, as to make this quite an exceptional year in that respect. In fact it may be doubted whether the "oldest inhabitant" can point to a season in the past when the cherry, pear and apple trees were in bloom at the same time as is the case now.

(From Our Western Correspondent.)

THE RAILROAD WAR IN ILLINOIS.

It is now something more than a year since a cloud "no bigger than a man's hand," began to rise in the North-west. To-day the eyes of the whole nation are fixed upon its threatening magnitude and gloom, and men hold their breath as they watch to see where the lightning shall strike.

A monopoly can give to one man, or one set of men bound together by the strong tie of a common interest, the right of unlimited control over the rights of unlimited capital and the laws of the land, and the order of Gen. Devens on assuming command as Grand Commander of the G. A. R., and that of Gen. Underwood in relation to the observance of the day. Prayer was offered by Rev. E. C. Bissell, a hymn was sung by the audience to the tune of America. Address by Gen. Francis W. Palfrey. Dirge by Gen. Francis W. Palfrey. Concluding prayer by Rev. R. Merrill. Then followed the decoration of the graves of the fallen comrades by the members of the Post in the usual form. The ceremonies were very interesting and impressive. The contribution of flowers was very lavish. We desire to make especial mention of the efforts of our fellow townsmen, S. W. Twombly & Son in the decoration of the Twombly's graves. A large number of flowers were set out by them from the post and carefully watered so that they will bud and blossom all through the summer. They spared no pains or expense in providing flowers for the occasion, and their services in this behalf are gratefully appreciated. The address of Gen. Palfrey was able and eloquent and we hope to be able to lay it before our readers. The weather was delightful and barring the dust was unexceptionable, and drew together a large number of our community.

Prior to the forming of the procession, P. W. Swan presented to the Post of the Grand Army here, Schuler's History of the Massachusetts Soldiers in the late war, in two volumes. The books are quite valuable, and were received by the members of the Post with great satisfaction and hearty thanks to the donor.

BRING FLOWERS.—The following was written by a Winchester lady, and published in a Western paper a year ago. It is now re-printed at the request of a friend of the author:
Bring flowers to strew on the soldier's grave,
Most offerings that for his honored name;
For them let each heart its own tribute pay,
To bring sweet flowers, and your tenderest lays.
Tread lightly! Speak lowly all words to their grave.
Bring anurachs, roses and lilies most rare,
With sunbeams, which the breeze of the victor fair wear;
For soldier's conquest ever was crowned,
Then the soldiers who worthily sleep 'neath the ground.

grievances,—it was another and a very different thing when these clubs were formed at the rate of 2500 per week throughout the country. It was one thing to have some village weavers draw up a series of resolutions, denouncing the unjust extortions of their nearest railway, to be printed in their country newspaper—it was another and a very different thing when the majority of the voters of every town and village in the State persistently and firmly called upon the laws of that State to protect them; when these masses of the people, represented by cultured, able, honest men from their midst, wrung from an unwilling Governor and a Senate incompetent or worse, such concessions as the appointment of the Railroad and Warehouse Commissioners, and the law which passed the Assembly a few days before its adjournment, which, if carried out, will limit the amount of plunder, at least. It was one thing when the leaders of this work of reform were "a pack of grumblers" in the eyes of the world,—it is another and a very different thing when the producer of the West and the consumer of the East met for purposes of mutual benefit and support a few weeks since at the Astor House in New York.

So we say, in answer to our first question, the farmers have acted wisely and well in the course they have pursued thus far. To the cry of the old, worn-out, political demagogues, that they are making a political mistake, that they will split the old parties if they form a new one, we answer, "What more sensible plan can they do? Where else would you have a free horn, American citizen go for redress when wronged than to the ballot-box?"

Whether the course of the farmer in the future will be as commendable as it has been in the past remains to be seen. Having endured contempt and contumely, they are now to be overrun with their hungry parasites. Ambitions, intriguing, unscrupulous, politicians of every party, and all parties, will endeavor to ruin or ruin the new political force for their own self-aggrandizement. As an individual voter, the farmer is generally sensible and correct in his views—as a politician at large, it is to be doubted whether he will be able to cope with the cunning in his way. Said one of the ablest and most zealous defenders of the farmers' rights, a few weeks ago: "The first and greatest danger to the farmers' cause is from apathy. Because the battle is begun is not a sign that it is ended. The second danger is departure from the true objects of the organization. The third danger is likely to arise from impatience."

To these may now be added a fourth, and the greatest danger of all. That unsate, changing, turbulent element that comes from the unions and organizations of the working men in the East, if these two factions join the Western party, they will form an element of strength, they are not likely to prove, too unstable to have benefited themselves they are not likely to be a help to others.

Yours, &c.

APRIL SHOWERS.

Winchester.

MEMORIAL DAY.—The observance of this day was under the auspices of A. D. Weld Post, No. 118 G. A. R. and was carried out according to the published programme in a very satisfactory manner. The procession was formed at 12 o'clock on the common and proceeded in the following order:

Chief Marshall—Commander John T. Wilson.

Aids—2nd M., George A. Hall, Surgeon Frederick Winsor, Comrade Andrew Wilson, Comrade C. Follen.

Winchester Cornet Band, Walter H. Marsh, leader, 17 pieces.

A. D. Weld Post, P. Shea, S. V. C. Commanding, Selectmen and Orator of the Day in carriages. Clergymen and others in carriages. Children of the Public Schools with their teachers. Citizens generally.

Upon the arrival at Wildwood Cemetery the ceremonies took place in a beautiful grove, as follows: Commander Wilson made a few laudatory remarks in which he read the order of Gen. Devens on assuming command as Grand Commander of the G. A. R., and that of Gen. Underwood in relation to the observance of the day. Prayer was offered by Rev. E. C. Bissell, a hymn was sung by the audience to the tune of America. Address by Gen. Francis W. Palfrey. Dirge by Gen. Francis W. Palfrey. Concluding prayer by Rev. R. Merrill. Then followed the decoration of the graves of the fallen comrades by the members of the Post in the usual form. The ceremonies were very interesting and impressive. The contribution of flowers was very lavish. We desire to make especial mention of the efforts of our fellow townsmen, S. W. Twombly & Son in the decoration of the Twombly's graves. A large number of flowers were set out by them from the post and carefully watered so that they will bud and blossom all through the summer. They spared no pains or expense in providing flowers for the occasion, and their services in this behalf are gratefully appreciated. The address of Gen. Palfrey was able and eloquent and we hope to be able to lay it before our readers. The weather was delightful and barring the dust was unexceptionable, and drew together a large number of our community.

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Tread lightly! Speak lowly all words to their grave.
Bring anurachs, roses and lilies most rare,
With sunbeams, which the breeze of the victor fair wear;
For soldier's conquest ever was crowned,
Then the soldiers who worthily sleep 'neath the ground.

"I'll send that to the sweet flowers of May, Thank offerings and praise on this hallowed day."

So will we forget the brave, mother, or wife of him who is in our country far better than life. God forbid that while we are in comfort should. The child of the soldier in want should be found. Then, brother, sleep peacefully 'neath the green sod.

ENTERTAINMENT.—An entertainment will be given at the vestry of the Orthodox church on Thursday evening next for the benefit of the "Winchester Union," an organization composed of representatives from all the religious societies in our town, and whose object is to make garments and make provision for any poor and destitute people in our community. The entertainment will consist of music, singing, and readings by members of the Literary Association connected with the Orthodox Church, and will be of an interesting character. As the object is eminently a charitable and deserving one, we heartily recommend it to the support and encouragement of our readers. Tickets 25 cents.

SUICIDE.—A well known citizen of our town (Edw. Cooper), residing at North Winchester, in walking around his premises last Sunday morning, was shocked to find a "poor unfortunate," hanging suspended to a limb of one of the trees. On cutting him down he found that life was extinct. It seemed to be a case of accidental suicide, appearances indicating that in getting down from the tree where he had been surreptitiously employed, he got caught around the neck by a rope which he had with him, and no assistance being near, was strangled to death. The victim was a young person, well known and respectfully connected by the name of A. Sparrow. A Coroner's Jury was summoned, who after investigation, returned their verdict of accidental death. The remains were taken in charge by sympathizing friends to await disposal of the immediate relatives.

COMPLIMENTARY.—At a business meeting of the Winchester Musical and Literary Society held in the vestry of the Congregational church on Thursday evening May 23rd, 1873, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:
Whereas, the Rev. Mr. E. C. Bissell, was really the originator of, and a earnest worker in the above named society;
Whereas, we are about to lose him from the same through his calling to missionary labor abroad, therefore
Resolved, That we can never but remember him with the kindest feelings, and so desire to express our regrets at his departure, yet tendering to him our sincerest regards and wishing him "God speed" in the "Master's work" where he is or may be called.

STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL.—The Methodist Society had a strawberry festival in Lyceum Hall on Wednesday evening last. In addition to the opportunity to partake of the delicious berry with cream there was provided cake, confectionery and ice cream to please the palate, music from the Cornet Band to entertain the ear, a shooting collection of fancy articles, and a small collection of fancy articles, the work of the ladies for sale. A goodly number of people were in attendance, and seemed to enjoy themselves. The object of the festival was to raise funds to purchase an organ for the use of this society, who now worship in Lyceum Hall.

REAL ESTATE SALES.—George W. T. Riley of East Cambridge of the firm of Brewster, Sweet & Co., bankers in Boston, has bought of D. N. Skillings, for \$20,000, the house and land recently purchased of the Boods.

The Lawrence estate on the West Side has been sold to Mr. Locke, who has changed the refreshment saloon in the railroad depot in Boston, to be occupied by his father.

MEMORIAL SERVICE.—The Memorial Service of the Rev. Mr. Barrett last Sunday, is highly spoken of and was attended by a delegation of the G. A. R.

Burlington.

MINISTERIAL.—Rev. Mr. Hudson of Burlington, having resigned his pastorate, a council of churches was convened on Tuesday to consider the matter. Churches in Woburn, Wakefield, Wilmington and Cambridge were represented. The Burlington Church was advised to accede to Mr. Hudson's request, and a series of resolutions heartily endorsing Mr. H., were unanimously adopted.

Arlington.

TOWN MEETING.—June 4th. About 8 P. M., the moderator (Hon. J. S. Potter) called the meeting to order. Art. 3 of the old warrant was first in order but was laid on the table and Art. 11 was taken up. Mr. J. W. Pierce moved that the town relocate the horse railroad track from R. W. Shattuck's residence to the terminus, and that \$5000 be appropriated for the same. The question of legality was raised, and the whole subject was thoroughly opened, and proved a fruitful source of discussion. During the debate Mr. S. S. Davis moved that \$5000 be appropriated for paving the track, but this motion was lost. After thirty-seven speeches upon the subject the Pierce motion was lost.

At 9:10 the meeting was adjourned until after the warrant calling for a new meeting, this same night was acted upon. Hon. Mr. Potter was chosen moderator of the new meeting and Art. 2 was taken up. Mr. S. S. Davis moved under this article to instruct the Selectmen to petition the Legislature on behalf of the town for authority to issue additional Water Bonds to the amount of fifty thousand dollars. This motion after considerable discussion was killed and the new meeting dissolved. The old meeting was now resumed, and Art. 3 taken up. The Rules, Regulations and Rates of the Water Board as printed were adopted unanimously.

4th in relation to appointment of officers and agents in connection with Water works, action was indefinitely postponed.
6th.—Matter of Cross street referred to Selectmen with full powers.
12th.—Plan presented by Chairman of Cemetery Committee adopted.
Voted to widen Arlington Avenue from the Bridge to Nathan Robbins' place, and appropriated \$4000 for the same. Meeting dissolved. The adjourned meetings are now completed.

some stand and vase for flowers to the "Edith" Capt. Hicks. The second to the "Angle," Commodore Peck, and the third to the "Alice," Captain Richardson. There was a strong breeze blowing from the north and race was closely contested throughout, the "Edith" winning by only three seconds, while the next four boats came in within one minute of her. In the morning there was a race between the "Angle," and the "Edith,"

J. W. POLLOCK
to prepared
do all sorts of upholstery work
such as putting down Carpets,
putting up Curtains, Draperies,
&c., &c. Also, Hair, Husk and
Excelsior Mattresses, made to
order of the best material and
by the best of workmen. Having
served an apprenticeship at our
trade, we understand it thor-
oughly in all its branches, and
can warrant satisfaction at the
lowest prices.
Town Hall, Woburn, May 1,
1873.

DRUGGISTS
A GREAT
MEDICAL
DISCOVERY
& REMEDY.

Extracts of Roots and Herbs which almost invariably cure the following complaints:—
Hypertension, Heart Burn, Liver Complaint, Loss of Appetite cured by taking a few bottles.
Aciditude, Low Spirits, and Sinking Sensations cured almost immediately.
Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, and all impurities cured, healing thoroughly through the skin or removed cured rapidly by following the directions on the bottle.
Of Kidney, Bladder and Urinary disorders—It has no equal; one bottle will convince most sceptical.
Next, expelled from the system without the least difficulty; a few bottles are sufficient to eliminate a case.
Next one bottle has cured the most difficult when all other remedies failed.
Next, **Neuralgias, Notalgias, Headache, Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, and all Serous inflammations** removed or greatly relieved by this medicinal medicine.
Next, **Coughs, Convulsions, and Hysterical** cured or much relieved.
Next, **Respiratory Pain in the Lungs, Sore Throat** almost invariably cured by taking a sufficient quantity of the Greater Bitters.
Next, **Dysentery**, an prevalent among

the Quaker Bitters.
These, and the other and Intermittent Fevers, com-
monly prevalent by these of the Quaker Bitters,
are aged from the Quaker Bitters just as they
stand in need of in their dealing
It is plain to see, wherever the
and, and leaves the passage down the pipe
and.
One can remain long enough (unless afflic-
ted with an acute disease,) after taking a few
of the Quaker Bitters.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in
Medicines.
PREPARED BY
J. H. S. Flint & Co.
their Great Medical Depot 195 & 197 Broad
est, Providence, R. I.
J. H. S. Flint & Co., Boston; W. Dodge, Wash-
ington; L. G. Babcock, Lexington.

HA'S. COPELAND,
AT THE OLD STAND.
(Established 1829.)
(his only place of business in Boston.)

4 TREMONT ROW.
Opposite head of Hanover Street,
Has enlarged and renovated his
ICE CREAM SALOON,
will give special attention to orders, the
present season. Will know
ICES AND CONFECTIONS.
The Ice Cream Menials are new patterns,
the FLAVORING (especially the fruit) are pre-
pared in this establishment, with great care
and good. Cakes, Fancy Cakes, Pure Candies,
Wedding Cakes, Jellies, Fruit, Flowers, etc., as usual.

HA'S COPELAND.
4 TREMONT ROW.

**READY-MADE
SUITS**
FOR
\$16, \$18, \$20, \$22, \$23, \$25,
\$28, \$30, \$32, \$33, \$35,
AT
WILMOT'S
121
Washington St.,
BOSTON.
For MAY, 1873.

We especially invite the notice of Suburban resi-
dents to our immense stock of

BOYS CLOTHING
OF ALL SIZES.

BEKA SUITS,	\$5
RYARD SUITS,	\$6
OUSE SUITS,	\$7
ICKERBOCKER SUITS,	\$8
MAX. ALL COMBATS	\$9

NEW AMERICA SUITS,	\$10
VOICE DERBY SUITS,	\$12
EGG SCHOOL SUITS,	\$13
UGH AND READY SUITS,	\$14
ST BUSINESS SUITS,	\$16
NE DRESS SUITS,	\$18
Y. FANCY SUITS,	\$20

IN GREAT VARIETY OF FABRICS.

NEW STYLES, TASTEFUL CUT, SPRING
 FEATURES, BEST GOODS, AND **Lowest Prices**,
 as in Boston!

AT THE

"OLD CORNER"

{ and } { and }	DOCK	{ 24
	SQUARE.	{ and 25

The Middlesex County Journal.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING. . . JOURNAL BUILDING, 204 MAIN STREET. . . TERMS, \$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

Vol XXII.

WOBURN, MASS. SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1873.

No 39.

New and Elegant PIANO FORTE ROOMS.

Mr. Oliver Green

Has opened

New and Elegant Piano Forte Rooms,

In Dodge's Block,

Cor. Main and Railroad Sts.,

Where he will keep constantly on hand, for sale or

PIANOS, ORGANS, STOOLS,

COVERS, &c., &c.,

Pianos sold on installment on terms to

suit. Also Pianos Tuned.

All instruments are of the FINEST QUALITY,

and as to style, **None and Finest** cannot be

excelled by any stock elsewhere.

All parties can be suited, as my stock is from the

best New York and Boston Manufacturers.

OLIVER GREEN,

Dodge's Block, Main Street, Woburn.

Corner of Railroad street.

DR. C. T. LANG'S

Dental Rooms,

135 MAIN ST., WOBURN,

Opposite First Congregational Church.

POULTRY AND EGGS.

B. F. COLEGATE,

Prepared to supply Eggs for setting, of all the

common or fancy breeds of Hens.

Also, for sale, flocks of Buff and Partridge Cochins,

Dark and Light Bantams, Dominiques, Plymouth

Rock, &c.

HENRY AT CUMMINGSVILLE

Woburn Mass.

W. H. FOSTER,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

FURNITURE,

OF ALL KINDS,

No. 241 Main St., Woburn

Upholstering and Repairing in all its Branches,

Promptly Attended to.

JOHN A. BOUTELLE,

GENEALOGIST

BANK BLOCK,

173 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Genealogical research and compilation. Family trees

traced and compiled. Family trees

traced and compiled. Family trees

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RAILROAD MARKET.

E. O. Solcs,

Would thank those who assist in removing his

stock on the evening of March 6th, and announce

that he is re-established at

RAILROAD, Cor. MAIN Sts.

ON WHAT IS KNOWN AS

ROUNDY'S CORNER.

WHERE HE OFFERS

Meat & Provisions

OF ALL KINDS AT REASONABLE PRICES.

QUINCY MUTUAL

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

Cash Fund, Apr. 25, 1873, over \$230,000

AND ALL LOSSES PAID IN FULL,

over \$25,000 the past year.

Dwelling Houses,

Household Furniture,

Farmers' Barns and contents,

Churches, Stores and contents

And the safer Class of Risks insured on very favorable

terms.

All Losses Promptly adjusted and paid

S. F. Thompson Agt. for Woburn.

This Company has been in operation 22 years,

has paid over \$1,150,000 in losses, and over \$400,

000 in dividends to Policy holders.

ISAIAH W. MUNROE, President.

OLAS A. HOWLAND, Secretary.

JUNE 29-1873

M. ELLIS & CO.,

BUILDING MOVERS, STONE MASONS

AND ORILLAR BUILDERS,

Park St., Rear of Baptist Church

Office over Buckman's Shoe Store,

WOBURN.

Laborers furnished by the day. Having had an

experience of twenty-five years in the Moving and

Cellar business, we guarantee to give good satisfaction.

W. A. COLEGATE,

FLORIST,

Greenhouse at Cummingsville.

WOBURN, MASS.

Plants, Shrubs, Trees, Potted

Plants, Wreaths, Bouquets,

and Baskets of Cut

Flowers.

Supplied at Short Notice.

Agent of J. W. Manning's Nursery, Reading

Mass.

Chas. A. Smith,

DRY GOODS,

If you want your Druggs PURE and

GENUINE, and your Roots

and Herbs Fresh and of

full Strength,

PATRONIZE

FOSDICK & BUSS,

APOTHECARIES,

170 Main Street,

WOBURN.

A fine assortment of Fancy Goods always on hand

Woburn Circulating Library.

New books added as soon as published.

GEORGE F. FOSDICK, CHAS. L. BUSS

THOMAS S. BANKS,

FLORIST,

Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.

Has constantly on hand, at his Greenhouse, a fine

assortment of Greenhouse Plants,

Bouquets and Cut Flowers furnished at short

Poetry.

THE LAST SUPPER.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

"And when they had sung a hymn they went out

into the Mount of Olives."

What sang the twelve with the Saviour

When finished the Sacrament wine?

Were they bowed and subdued in behavior,

Or bold as male bold with a sign?

Were the hairy breasts strong and defiant?

Were the naked arms brawny and strong?

Were the bearded lips lifted and ranting?

Thrust forth and full sturdy with song!

What sang they? 'Twas a sweet song of Zion,

With Christ in their midst like a crown?

While here at Saint Peter, the lion;

And there, like a lamb, with head down,

Sat Saint John, with silken and raven

Rich hair on his shoulders, and eyes

Lifting up to the faces around.

Like a sensitive child's in surprise.

Was the song as strong fishermen singing

Their net full of hope to the sea?

Or low, like the ripple-wave, singing

Sea songs on their loved Galilee?

Were they sad with foreboding of sorrows,

Like the birds that sing low from the breeze

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PRICE LIST OF PURE TEAS and COFFEES

Sold at SMITH'S new Tea Store 190 Main St., Woburn.

Compared with Oriental Tea Company's List.

COOLONG BLACK TEA.	our price.	COFFEE.	our price.
Ex Finest New Season's,	75-70	Raw,	33-32
No 1 Finest,	60-50	Roasted,	40-38
No 2 Choice,	40-38	Ground,	40-38
UNCOLORED JAPAN, NATURAL LEAF.			
Ex Finest Strongest,	1 10-1 00	Roasted,	35-30
No 1 Finest,	1 00-80	Ground,	35-30
No 2 Choice,	80-70		
ENGLISH BREAKFAST BLACK TEA.		DINER COFFEE, RIO.	30-25
Ex Finest,	1 00-95		
YOUNG HYSON GREEN TEA.		BREAKFAST COFFEE.	
Ex Finest,	1 20-1 20	Roasted & Ground, mixed,	20-15
GREEN POWDER GREEN TEA.		Our goods are warranted as represented;	
Ex Finest,	1 35-1 20	also strictly pure Spices, Cream	
JAPAN AND BLACK, MIXED.		Tartar, &c., &c.	
No 1 Finest,	85-75	H. F. SMITH,	
No 2 Choice,	75-65	Sign of the Chinaman,	
		190 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.	

HOUSE PAPER,
WINDOW SHADES,
CORDS, TASSELS AND
FIXTURES.

IN LARGE VARIETY AT

HORTON'S

Woburn Telegraph Office.

WINDOW SHADES

A SPECIALTY.

ITALIAN AWNINGS

VENETIAN BLINDS,

WINDOW SCREENS,

MOSQUITO CANOPIES,

&c., &c.

REMEMBER THE LOCATION.

CHARLES F. PEASE,

217 Tremont Street,

Cor Van Rensselaer Place, bet. Boylston and Elliot

Street, Boston.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

FOR FAMILY USE.

THE

HALFORD

LEICESTERSHIRE

Table Sauce,

THE BEST SAUCE & RELISH

Made in any part of the World.

FOR

FAMILY USE.

Pints, 50 Cents.

Half Pints, 30 Cents.

For Sale by all Grocers.

BUYERS OF

CLOTHING

Are invited to

VISIT THE

GLOBE

CLOTHING HOUSE,

DOCK SQUARE, BOSTON.

Where may be found a splendid stock of this

GENTS' SUITS.

YOUTH'S SUITS.

FURNISHING GOODS, &c.

Our Patrons are the Largest. Our Goods are

Fresh, and of latest Styles. Our Boys' Department

is on the first floor. The Variety of stock is com-

plete. Try the "GLOBE" - Nos. 1, 2, and 3

Do not miss it. Boston, where you can buy every

description and size of first-class

THICK AND THIN CLOTHING.

At Very Low Figures,

For the present warm season.

NEW ENGLAND

Carpet Co.,

Will commence This Day

CLOSE OUT THEIR STOCK

AT COST AND LESS.

Canton Mattings, one shilling.

English Tapestries, \$1 to \$1 25.

Frame Brussels, \$1 50.

Extra Superfines, \$1.

Two-Ply, 50 to 75 Cents.

Printed Berberis, 25 Cents.

Floor Oil Carpets, 25 cents.

Cocoa Mattings, 50 cents.

\$12 Rugs for \$7.

\$10 Rugs for \$5 50.

1000 English Crumb Cloths, \$6, \$8, \$10.

According to size - worth \$12 to \$20.

And the Entire Stock, comprising a complete

assortment of Carpets, of high and low grades.

NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO.,

373 Washington St., Boston,

Next Building to Adams House.

Miss E. Bancroft,

175 Main Street,

Would invite the attention of

the Ladies of Woburn and vi-

cinity to her stock of

Millinery and Ladies'

Furnishing Goods,

especially to

Kid Gloves,

Corsets,

Hamburgs,

Neck Ties,

and Veils.

MISS E. BANCROFT,

175 Main Street,

WOBURN

TOWN OF WOBURN.

NOTICE!

THE REGULAR MEETINGS OF THE ROAD

Commissioners, will be held every Monday even-

ing, at the Selectmen's rooms at 8 o'clock.

By order of the Commissioners,

C. E. THOMPSON, Clerk.

Woburn, June 2, 1873.

Assessor's Notice!

Notice is hereby given that the Assessors will be

in session on the 21st, 24th, 27th, 30th, 1st, 4th, 7th, 10th,

11th, 12th, and 15th days of June, from 8 o'clock

A. M. to 2 P. M., and from 2 P. M. to 4 P. M.

Also, the evenings of June 4th, 11th, and 18th,

from 7 1/2 to 9 o'clock, to receive applications of

Persons holding estates in trust, whether for

minor or otherwise, are particularly requested to

attend the Assessors with statements in relation

to such estates.

Where estates of persons deceased have been

divided during the past year, or have changed

hands from other causes, the executors, adminis-

trators, or other persons interested, are requested

to furnish the Assessors with statements in relation

to such estates.

Any person neglecting to furnish the Assessors

with a list of all their personal property, within

the time specified, will be deemed at a legal meet-

ing of the Board of Assessors, agreeably to the

provisions of the General Statutes, Chapter XI,

Sections 2 and 46.

The Assessors shall, in all cases require a per-

son bringing in a list to make oath that the same is

true, which oath may be administered by either of

the Assessors.

No person shall have an abatement unless he has

been notified in writing by the Assessors of the time

for bringing in his list, and is not exempt from

taxation. If he fails to comply with the notice, he

shall be liable to pay the full amount of the tax

assessed on his estate, and shall not be entitled to

any abatement or refund of the same.

When the Assessors of a city or town have

been notified by the State Board of Assessors, to

present a list of all their estates and estates not

taxed, in accordance with the provisions of the

twenty-second section of the eleventh chapter

of the General Statutes, they shall not afterwards

abate any part of the tax assessed on personal

estate to any person who did not bring in his list

within the time specified, or who failed to comply

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JUNE 21st. WITHOUT A RIVAL! JOHN H. MURRAY'S Great Railroad Circus.

FORMERLY STONE AND MURRAY'S CIRCUS.

Only exciting exponent of

Aerial Art!

The Chase and Classical

Amusements participated in by the following

Distinguished Artists.

Assisted by

100

AUXILIARIES.

MISS TENNIE AND MASTER COOKE.

The smallest riders in the world, and their little Ponies, FAIRY and BEAUTY.

WOODA COOKE,

The famous Equestrian and her charming assistants.

MDLE JEANETTE,

The famous Equestrian and her charming assistants.

SENIORITA MILLIE TURNOUR,

The famous Equestrian and her charming assistants.

5 JOLLY CLOWNS.

FUN WITHOUT LIMIT.

THE GREAT CALISTHENIC CONGRESS.

SENIORITA MILLIE TURNOUR,

The famous Equestrian and her charming assistants.

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Perambulators,

FOR

Children & Dolls.

MATS AND AFGHANS.

Carts, Wagons and Wheelbarrows.

Croquet,

And Other Games,

AT

HORTON'S

BOOKSTORE,

SPRING

CLOTHING,

G. R. Gage & Co.'s

may now be selected

from a splendid line of

NEW GOODS

Just Received.

STYLISH CARMENTS

Made in the best style by

G. R. GAGE & CO.,

Merchant Tailors,

171 Main Street,

WOBURN.

G. F. SMITH & Co.,

Watchmakers & Jewelers,

DEALERS IN

Watches and Jewelry.

No. 187 MAIN STREET,

WOBURN, - MASS.

For Hardware or Tools.

CALL AT BULL'S BLOCK IN MAIN ST.

L. THOMPSON JR.

PIANOS

Sold on easy monthly

payments. Purchasers

will find it to their in-

terest to call before buy-

ing elsewhere.

HAILEY & CUMSTON,

329 Washington St., Boston.

AUCTION SALE!

AT WOBURN CENTER,

MONDAY, JUNE 10th, at 5 30 P. M.

On Franklin street, valuable estate for</

MILITARY HISTORY OF WOBURN.

WOBURN NATIONAL RANGERS

CHAPTER XIX

Fall Campaign to Mine Run

Gen. Lee had meanwhile advanced with his infantry toward Warrenton Springs, still aiming to cut off Meade from Manassas. On the next day commenced the trial of skill between the two commanders. Gen. Meade's cavalry had been so rudely hustled by Stuart, and the cord placed by the latter along the Rappahannock was so effective that the Federal commander was absolutely in the dark as to his great adversary's position and designs. Only in the afternoon of this, the next day, therefore, a Federal force consisting of a corps of infantry and two brigades of cavalry was moved across the Rappahannock, where the Orange railroad crosses it, and this force pushed straight toward the Court House. The design was evidently to ascertain if Gen. Lee was in the vicinity, and the column rapidly advanced. Near Brandy it encountered what seemed to be Stuart's entire cavalry. At various openings in the woods the heads of different columns were seen, calmly awaiting an attack, and the Federal infantry and cavalry speedily formed line of battle and prepared for a vigorous engagement. They would scarcely have given themselves so much trouble if they had known that the entire force in their front consisted of about one hundred and eighty men with one gun, under Col. Rosser, as a sort of grand picket guard. He had arranged detachments of eight to ten men as above indicated, at openings in the woods, to produce the impression of several heavy columns, and it was not till they attacked him that they discovered the ruse. The attack once made, all further concealment was impossible. Rosser's one hundred and eighty men and single piece of artillery were rapidly driven back by the enemy, and his gun was now moving from the high ground just below the Court House, when the clatter of hoofs was heard upon the streets of the village. It was the gray and gallant P. M. B. Young of Georgia, who had been left with his brigade near James City, and now came to Rosser's assistance. Young passed through the Court House on the road, hastened to the scene of action, and dismounting his entire brigade deployed them as sharpshooters, and made a sudden and determined attack upon the enemy. This vigorous movement seemed to have completely deceived them. Night was now falling; they could not make out the numbers or character of Young's forces, and an attack as bold as his must surely proceed from a heavy force of infantry. Was Gen. Lee still at the place with one of his Corps d'armee? If this idea entered into the minds of the enemy, it must have been encouraged by Young's next move. He had held his ground without flinching, and now as night descended he ordered camp fires to be built along the two miles of front, and bringing up his splendid brass band, played "Bonnie Blue Flag" and "Dixie" with defiant animation. This ruse seemed to decide the matter, and the Federal commander made no further effort to advance, and in the morning there was not a Federal soldier on the southern bank of the Rappahannock. Their corps of infantry and two brigades of cavalry had fallen back in good order, and the laughing Young remained master of the situation.

"Stuart had pushed on meanwhile, to Warrenton Springs, and just as the fight above described, commenced, a gallant affair took place. The enemy were attacked in the town of Jefferson, where the 'Jefferson County' again distinguished itself. The attack was made to charge over the bridge in face of the enemy's fire. In the middle of the structure, the column suddenly recoiled and retreated. The cause of this movement was soon discovered. Several of the planks had been torn up in the flooring of the bridge, and to cross was impossible. The 'Jefferson County' however, did not abandon their work. They galloped to the ford; Stuart placed himself at their head, and in the face of a heavy and determined fire from a double line of Federal sharpshooters, they charged across. The Federal force gave way before them, and crossing the whole column, Stuart pushed up upon the track of the enemy toward Warrenton, followed by the infantry which had witnessed the feats of their cavalry brethren with all the satisfaction of 'outside spectators'.

In Jeffersontown and at Warrenton Springs many brave fellows had fallen, and sad scenes were presented. Lt. Chew fought from house to house in the first-named place, and in a mansion of the village, this gallant officer lay dying, with a bullet in his breast. At Mr. M. near the river, Young Marshal of Appropriate, descendant of the Chief Justice, was lying upon a table covered with a sheet, dead, with a huge and bloody hole in the center of his pale forehead, while in a bed opposite lay a wounded Federal officer. In the fields around were dead men, dead horses, and abandoned arms. The army pushed on to Warrenton, the cavalry still in advance, and on the evening of the next day, Stuart rapidly advanced with his column to reconnoitre towards Catlett's Station, the scene of the great raid in Aug. 1862, when he captured Gen. Pope's coat and official papers. The incident which followed was one of the most curious of the war.

"Stuart had just passed Auburn, when Gen. Gordon commanding the rear of the column, sent him word that a heavy force of the enemy's infantry had crossed in behind him, completely cutting him off from Lee. As at the same moment an army corps of Federal infantry was discovered moving in his front, Gen. Stuart awoke to the unpleasant consciousness that his little force of cavalry was securely hemmed in between overpowering masses of the enemy, who, as soon as they discovered the presence of the audacious interloper, would unquestionably attack and cut them to pieces.

"The situation was now in the highest degree critical. In fact, Stuart had managed to get his columns interposed between the two retreating columns of Gen. Meade's army—infantry, cavalry and artillery—and these columns as they moved across his front, were converging towards Bristoe, near Manassas. The only hope of safety lay in complete ou-

teachment of his presence, and Gen. Stuart issued the most stringent orders to his troops that no noise of any description should be made during the night. There was little necessity to impress that upon his command. Within a few hundred yards of them in front or rear, were moving the huge columns of the enemy, the feet of the infantry shuffling, the hoofs of the cavalry clattering, the artillery wheels and chains rattling and jingling, and above the whole, the stifled hum of an army on the march. The men sat silent and motionless in the saddle throughout the long hours of the night. No man spoke, no sound was heard from human lips, as the little force remained in the darkness. But the dumb animals were not equally intelligent, and more than once some thoughtless horse neighed, or some discordant donkey in the artillery bellowed out his discordant notes. In the noise of the Federal retreat these sounds, however, were not observed, and the night wore on and daylight came.

(To be continued.)

LEAVE HOME, OR THE FAMILY AND ITS MEMBERS. BY W. ALKIND, D.D., NEW YORK, S. E. Wells.

So long as that true sentiment so much loved by the puritans of New England in the early times, so much venerated now by all who love their country and its institutions, this book will find many readers. Full of golden legends it comes before the whole people with a self-commanding authority and an earnestness of purpose that will be hard to resist. Chapter I opens the discussion of the all-important question of domestic happiness. "God setteth the solitary in families." From this not accidental arrangement of human convenience, but God-ordained covenant, how much of good or ill results to the whole human race. The family is to be considered a God-appointed institution, no man shall annul its most sacred covenants. In this work is ably shown the utter fallacy of human inventions, and substitutes for the sacred family union. The family is necessary for the development of our race. Various illustrations are cited in support of this great fact which we pass over, preferring that our readers should gather from his pages these golden truths. In all ages men have been themselves, vainly attempting to do some better arrangement for the family covenant; but failure in every case has been the result. From the famous Monastic theory of St. Ambrose, the loose association of Fourier, the wild Utopian idea of the Ouedia phalanx of Free Love, all have been a decided failure. Even that late wretched abortion of the "Woodruff and Clifton" type (for which we ask pardon of all true friends to men for mentioning it) has been but, I should think, written across their world-debasing error. We reluctantly lay aside this little volume which we commend to every home; it should find a place in every Sabbath school library on our land; it is a pearl of the first water richly deserving a golden string. The brotherhood of man, thank God, is not a name. We have marked some passages of this work for future reference.

WOLKOFF, OR THE RIGHT RELATION OF THE SEXES. BY W. ALKIND, D.D., NEW YORK, S. E. Wells.

This is one of those informative books of the day from which may be gathered many necessary and wholesome lessons. Starting with the self-acknowledged assertion that marriage has its foundation deeply and securely laid in the social nature of man, the author proceeds by many arguments made plain and familiar by illustration the duty of all who would live happily in the domestic relation. We are glad to see this little messenger of danger signal held out to our young men and maidens at this time, particularly as the plain, practical common sense doctrines it advocates are considered as so "very unadvisable and out of date" by so many whom it so intimately concerns. We place a practical knowledge of house-keeping in all its branches as an essential to marriage without any regard to the wealth or standing in society of every young woman. Alas! how many simply signal held out to our young men and maidens at this time, particularly as the plain, practical common sense doctrines it advocates are considered as so "very unadvisable and out of date" by so many whom it so intimately concerns. We place a practical knowledge of house-keeping in all its branches as an essential to marriage without any regard to the wealth or standing in society of every young woman. Alas! how many simply

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"THE LAST TRIAL OF MADAME PALISSY."—Bernard Palissy made himself famous as an inventor during the latter part of the sixteenth century. In his early manhood he conceived the idea of finding out anew the lost art of enameling porcelain. His experience continued through many years, until finally he found himself reduced to extreme poverty. His wife and children were in rags; his home was a narrow and squalid one; his table was scantily provided, and he had sacrificed every valuable article he possessed in the prosecution of his labors. He was still unsuccessful, but he saw or thought he saw success just ahead. He needed but one thing with which to complete the experiment then in progress, and he believed, though he could not know, that that experiment, if completed, would reveal to him the secret of which he was in search, and crown his long labor with success. He lacked but one thing—but that was a costly one—a piece of gold. He had no money, and no means of getting any, but on his wife's hand remained her wedding ring, the only article of value which he had saved from sale; and that, the wife, sharing his enthusiasm, gave tearfully into his hand, to be thrown into the crucible. The experiment was successful, and Bernard Palissy lived to hear his own name spoken whenever the beautiful ware which he had invented was mentioned, for by common consent the new porcelain was called Palissy ware, as it is to this day. Mr. W. J. Grant, the painter, has chosen for his subject the scene where the husband has received the wife's last sacrifice, and is about to stake the result of his life work upon the one remaining experiment. He holds the page of their early love over the crucible hesitatingly, while the wife looks her last upon the cherished emblem of their life-long devotion. Who shall deny her the name of heroine? or refuse to recognize her right to a full share in the fame which her sacrifice—a very sore one it must have been to the loving heart of a wife—brought to Bernard Palissy?

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